THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVIII.—No. 1269

APRIL 11, 1928

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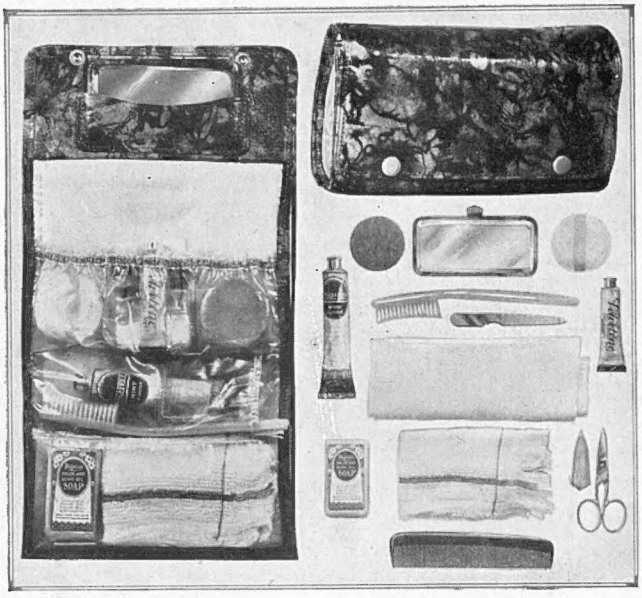

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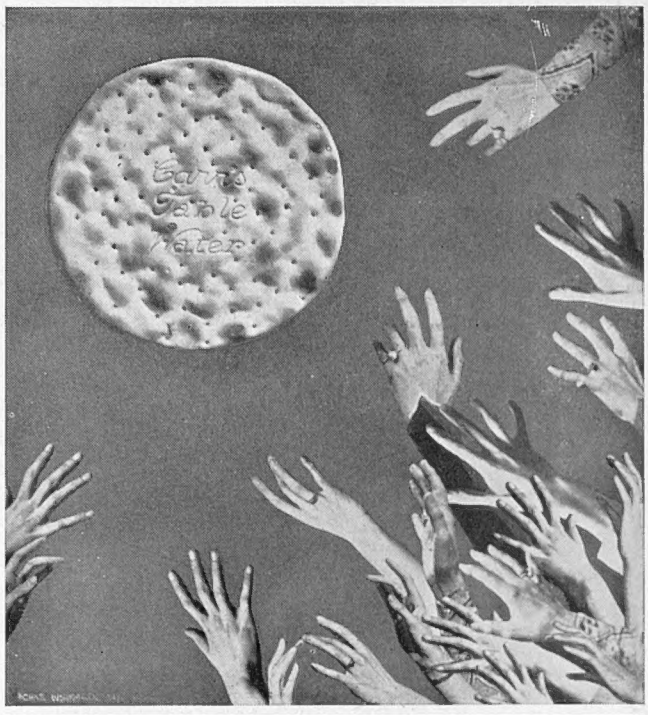

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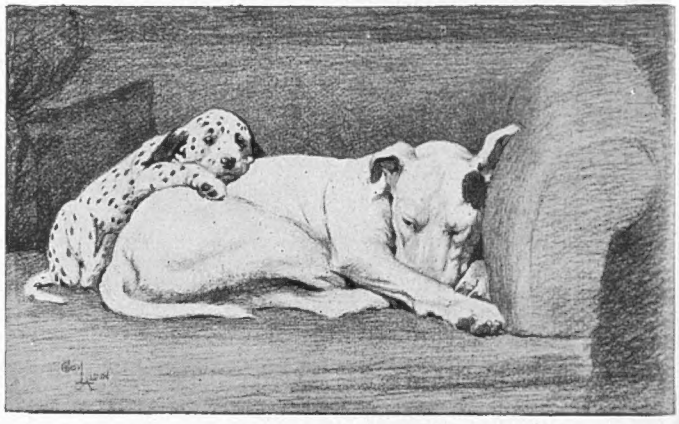

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by
CECIL ALDIN

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The Bystander, April 11, 1928 No. 1269. Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY BEVAN PETMAN

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WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Angus Faith

MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

The elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Coventry, of Earls Croome Court, Worcester. She is engaged to Lt.-Com. James Dugdale, R.N. (Retd.), elder son of the late Colonel Frank Dugdale and Lady Eva Dugdale

Sport and General

LADY PATRICIA HERBERT

Whose engagement to the Hon. W. H. Smith has been recently announced. She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery

Lafayette

THE HON. W. H. SMITH

Who is engaged to Lady Patricia Herbert. He is the eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden

Angus Faith

TO BE MARRIED

Miss Doreen Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parsons, of Pont Street, S.W.1. Her marriage to Mr. T. Scawen Blunt, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scawen Blunt, will shortly take place

The Court at Windsor

THERE will be much going to and fro during the month the Court is to be at Windsor, as there is to be a succession of "dine and sleep" guests, official folks, and the King's and Queen's friends. In addition to this, Their Majesties being the most hospitable of neighbours, most of the leading people round about Ascot, Sunningdale, and Windsor will be "commanded" to dine at least once during the Royal sojourn at the Castle.

The King and Queen's private rooms are in the Royal Tower, with fine views over the East Terrace towards Datchet and down the Long Walk. Both the Queen's bedroom and sitting-room are hung with brocade, an exquisite *rose du Barry* in colour.

The Duke of Gloucester

IT will take us all a little time to get accustomed to Prince Henry's new style of Duke of Gloucester. Two or three years ago it was confidently asserted that the King was going to create his third son a duke, twenty-four or twenty-five being the usual age when the Sovereign's younger sons are made peers of the realm. But the new duke is twenty-eight.

For the ducal title the King has gone back to the time of Edward III, whose youngest son, Thomas of Woodstock, was the first Duke of Gloucester. Seeing that our Royal House is now the House of Windsor, and takes its name from Edward III—who was Edward of Windsor—the choice is especially appropriate. The Earldom of Ulster has been held twice before by sons of the Sovereign—by the Duke of York, George IV's brother, and by the Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg. And the Barony of Culloden was one of the late Duke of Cambridge's titles. So the new duke bears the titles of two of his great-uncles, one on the King's side, the other on the Queen's.

This is the third time in five centuries and a half that the title of Duke of Gloucester has been conferred upon the third son of the Royal House.

Former Dukes

THERE was a curious similarity in the fortunes and misfortunes of the first two Dukes of Gloucester, Thomas, son of Edward III, and Humphrey, son of Henry IV. Both held high office—Humphrey was Regent of England during the minority of Henry VI—and both died whilst under arrest for high treason, Thomas being smothered under a feather-bed at Calais. The next Duke of Gloucester was Richard III.

After him there was no Duke of Gloucester for a century and a half. Then the title was conferred on the third son of Charles I, also a Prince Henry. He died of

Frank O'Brien

ON THE BANKS OF THE BLACKWATER

A group taken near Fermoy, Co. Cork, where the Duke of Devonshire has been entertaining and where his guests have had some first-rate fishing. The photograph shows: Mr. Hamilton (left), Capt. C. Waterhouse, Miss R. Spender-Clay, Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss P. Spender-Clay, Professor Baillie, and Mr. G. Cobbold

smallpox when he was twenty-one, four months after his brother Charles II's restoration. Queen Anne's eldest son, who died when he was eleven, and before she succeeded to the throne, was the fifth Duke of Gloucester. The sixth was the third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brother of George III.

This Duke with his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, were responsible for the Royal Marriages Act, which made any marriage of members of the Royal Family without the Sovereign's consent illegal. The Duke of Cumberland married Anne Luttrell; the Duke of Gloucester the widowed Countess Waldegrave, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. Both marriages were secret and George III was so incensed by what he considered to be *mésalliances* that the Royal Marriages Act was the result.

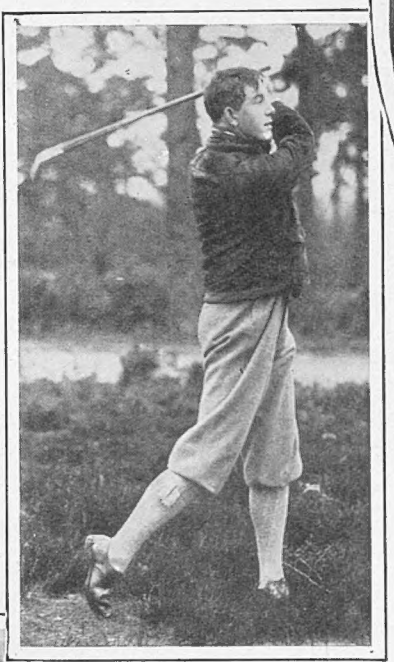
Both brothers and their wives went into exile, but ultimately the Duke of Gloucester was forgiven, and his son married George III's daughter, Princess Mary. Although the husband was known as "Silly Billy," it was an ideally happy marriage.

The Duchess outlived all George III's other children, dying in 1857 at Gloucester House, at the bottom of Park Lane, a house which for many years was the home of the late Duke of Cambridge, and is now covered with a block of flats—the first of the flats *de luxe* to be built in Piccadilly.

Poole, Waterford

A THIRTY-POUNDER

The Marquess of Hartington with a fine salmon which he landed at Careysville, near Fermoy. He has been staying with his father, the Duke of Devonshire



Sport and General

M. R. KITTERMASTER

(Of Queen's), who has been elected secretary of the Oxford University Golfing Society for next season. He is an Old Rugbeian

Sport and General

OXFORD'S NEW CAPTAIN

A. S. Bradshaw (Rugby and Brasenose), the next season's golf captain. Cambridge will not elect her officials till next term

A Future Heiress

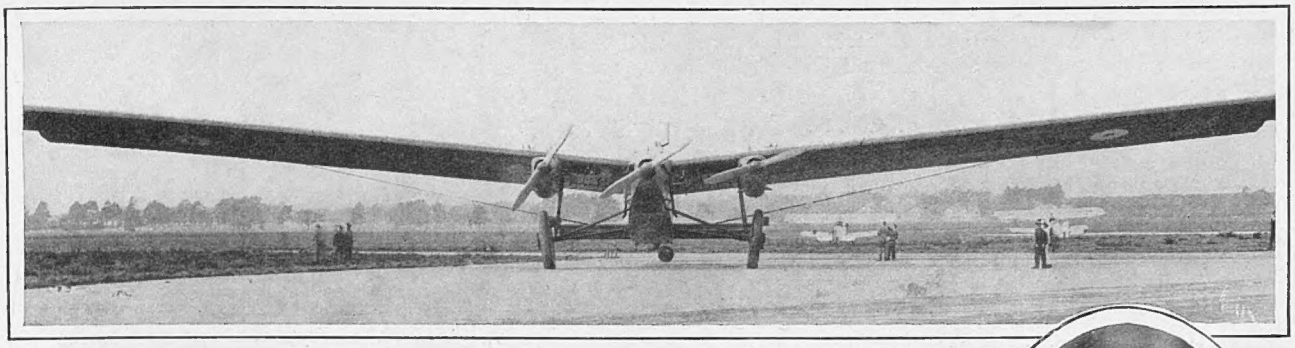
ONE of the heiresses of the future is the twelve-year-old Miss Ruth Primrose, who lost her father, Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, in the War, and her mother, Lady Victoria Bullock, Lord Derby's only daughter, by a tragic hunting accident this winter, which closed Knowsley Hall for the Grand National.

For a younger son Mr. Neil Primrose was exceptionally well off. His great-aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen, who lived for many years at Tunbridge Wells, left him £150,000, and, in addition to this, Lord Rosebery made over to him the valuable Postwick estate near Norwich. Being Mr. Neil Primrose's only child, Miss Ruth Primrose will doubtless inherit all this.

Some little time ago Lord Rosebery made over to his elder son and heir, Lord Dalmeny, the magnificent house, Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard, which came to him from his wife, a daughter of Baron Mayer de Rothschild.

A Picture Exhibition

THERE is an unusually interesting exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists at the Suffolk Galleries this year. If you pay the exhibition a visit, as you should, I think you will agree with me that the three outstanding portraits are Mr. Cyril Roberts's "Beatrice, Countess of Portsmouth," Mr. Edward Patry's "Miss Cecilia Dalton-Hardy," and Mr. A. E. Borthwick's "Prince of Wales." I liked the portrait of Lady Portsmouth especially, a



Central Press

A SUPER MONOPLANE

The Beardmore "Inflexible," which is the largest all-metal monoplane in the world, photographed at rest. It was taken up for its first flight by Sq.-Ldr. J. Noakes at Martlesham Heath. It has a 150 ft. wing span, and the landing wheels with tyres stand 7 ft. 6 in. high

gracious, kindly figure in exquisitely painted black velvet. Naturally, some futuristic work, which is always beyond the limits of your Bystander's intelligence, is included in the exhibition, but the rest is of a high standard, and, so it seemed to me, more imaginative than usual.

The Value of Manners

HERE is a little history in manners—or the lack of them. A young man was bidden to a dinner-party. Ten minutes before the time at which he was asked he rang up on the telephone saying that his car had broken down at some distance from London, and he couldn't possibly get back in time for the dinner.

It occurred to his hostess that even if his car hadn't broken down, seeing he was some distance from London at ten minutes to eight, he could only have put in a very tardy appearance. She had to alter all the seating arrangements, and was not overpleased.

The following Sunday she and her husband motored into the depths of Surrey to lunch with some friends. During lunch the country hostess described a dance she had arranged *à l'improviste*, three evenings before, amongst members of the local golf club.

"We dined at the club first," she said, "and then we came on here to dance—everybody just as they were, plus fours and jumper suits. But what I should have done without Mr. So and So (the young man whose car had 'broken down some distance from London') I don't know. He was so kind. He was dining out in London and telephoned to say he couldn't go. He looked after everything for us."

Here is the moral of my little tale. That young man wanted a job, and wanted it badly. The husband of his London hostess had a job in his giving. But he wanted to have a little talk with the young man before he decided. That was why he was asked to dinner. You know—a little talk over the port after the ladies have gone to the drawing-room.

Photopress

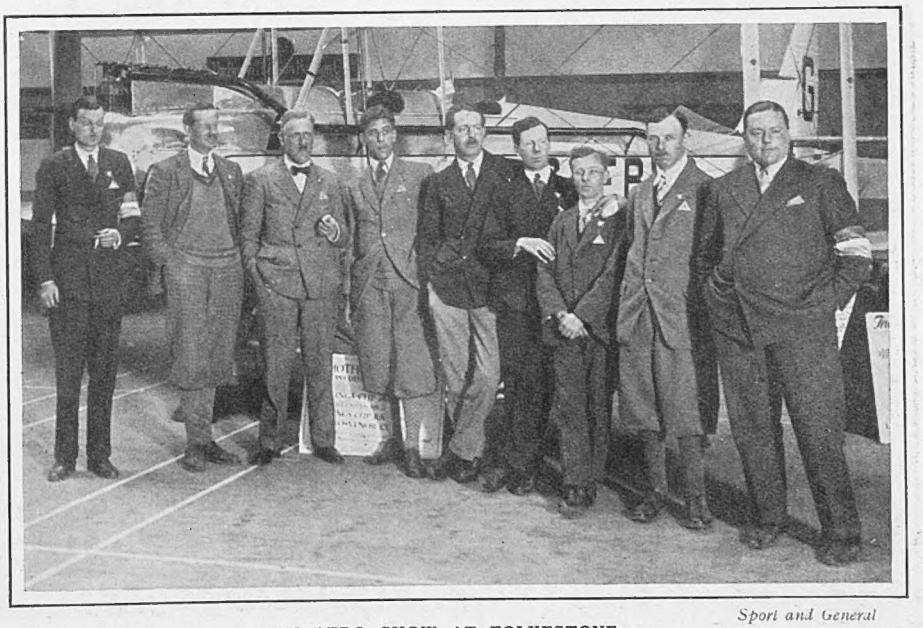
AT NORWICH

Capt. C. M. F. Chambers and his fiancée, Miss M. B. Sutton, photographed at Mousehold Aerodrome, Norwich. It is reported that they will form part of the crew of the airship B.S.R.I. in its attempt to cross the Atlantic this year

Central News

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD

Major de Bernardi, the Italian Schneider Cup airman, who recently broke his own record speed. He obtained the magnificent record average speed of 318·43 miles per hour



Sport and General

AN AERO SHOW AT FOLKESTONE

A photograph of the Committee and some others at the recent Cinque Ports Flying Club's Aero Show at the Drill Hall, Folkestone. Mr. R. Dallas Brett (left), Capt. Braddel, Capt Jarman, F./O. Kirsten, Mr. Elliott, Mr. F. D. Little, Mr. W. H. Evernden, Mr. T. A. M. Lewis, and Mr. Malcolm

The young man didn't get the job. He will never be asked to that house in London again. A most expensive taradiddle or falsehood—you can choose which word you like—and all just for lack of manners.

Holme Lacy for Sale

I SEE that Holme Lacy, the beautiful old home of the Earls of Chesterfield in Herefordshire, is up again for sale, the second time in eighteen years. It was sold by Lord Chesterfield, whose family had been settled there for centuries, to Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, a very wealthy Australian.

When Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth died the property was again sold, the greater part of the agricultural part of the estate being bought by the tenants. The house, which has some of Grinling Gibbons's best carvings, and the gardens, which have yew hedges that rival those of Levens, in Westmorland—generally supposed to be the finest yew hedges in England—were bought by the late Mr. Noel Wills, of the Bristol tobacco firm. His death brings Holme Lacy once more into the market, with or without its five miles of salmon-fishing in the River Wye, just as you choose.

The house, which is in the shape of the letter H, was built early in the eighteenth century, an extension and addition to an abode which until its first sale eighteen years ago had belonged to the Chesterfield family for five and a half centuries.

An Unusual Patent

THE present Lucas - Tooth baronetcy has a curious history. I may be wrong, but I can't call to mind any parallel case. When Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, the purchaser of Holme Lacy, died he was succeeded by his first, and his second, and his third sons. Each one succeeded his elder by death in the War. Thus the baronetcy became extinct.

But these three brothers had a sister, Mrs. Warrand. As she could not become a baronet the Crown re-created the baronetcy of Lucas-Tooth in favour of her eldest son Hugh, who assumed his grandfather's name by letters patent.

Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth sits in the Commons for the Isle of Ely. He is twenty-five, and three years ago married a daughter of Sir John Findlay, one of the proprietors of *The Scotsman*. They have a daughter, born last year, but the re-created patent of the baronetcy carries the unusual provision that if Sir Hugh should have no male heir the title will pass to his brother, Mr. Selwyn Warrand.

P. and A.

A FRENCH WIN

General Billot greeting the British Army Rugger XV before the match with the French Army at the Stade Colombes, when the French Army gained a decisive win. He is seen shaking hands with Lieut. A. J. Young, the scrum-half

Topical

LEADING IN THE WINNER

Mrs. K. C. Kirkpatrick leading in Masterpiece, the winner of the first race at the recent Point-to-Point meeting at Ballyhaft, near Newtownards. The meeting, which was a decided success, was held under the auspices of the County Down Stag Hounds Hunt Club

Photopress

A KENYA WEDDING

The group taken after the wedding of Mr. Michael Lafone and Lady Elizabeth Byng, the elder daughter of the Earl of Strafford. The ceremony took place at All Saints Cathedral Church, Nairobi

Sport and General

AT VICEREGAL LODGE

The Viceroy of India and Lady Irwin photographed with members of Lord Irwin's staff. Among those in the front row are: Lieut.-Col. C. O. Harvey, Military Secretary, Mr. G. Cunningham, I.C.S., Private Secretary, and Lt.-Col. W. W. Muir, Comptroller of the Household. Seated in front is the Hon. Richard Wood, the youngest son of Lord and Lady Irwin

Photopress

AT THE LAW COURTS

Sir Douglas Hogg, the late Lord Cave's successor on the Woolsack, photographed on his arrival at the Law Courts to be sworn in as Lord Chancellor. He was the former Attorney-General

I.B.

AT GIB.

Admiral Beatty and Vice-Admiral Kelly photographed at the recent Naval Review held at Gibraltar. Over 4,000 men took part in this

I.B.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes and General Sir Charles Monro. They took the salute after the recent Gibraltar Naval Review

You Live and Learn

DID you, my gentles, know that you could post your letters in a pillar-box arrangement fixed to your own front door, and that the postmen will collect them just as they do from the pillar-boxes in the streets?

Your Bystander discovered this because he thought he was witnessing a burglary. Returning, sedately and disposedly, to his abode after a dinner-party in an adjacent square, a bicycle whizzed past. The bicycle stopped at a corner house in the square. When your Bystander reached that house there was the sound of a key being turned in a lock, and he saw a man's figure stooping down on the doorstep.

"What are you doing there?"

My voice must have been quite military at that moment, because the man, clicking a lock and coming down the steps, laughed and said:

"We are not on parade now, sir. I'm only a postman collecting letters."

Then he told me that a number of people have collection boxes for letters in their own houses, the postmen coming and taking them exactly in the same way as they do from the pillar-boxes.

Years ago when I lived in the country we had our own special post-bag, which came out from our post-town in the morning and was subsequently "collected" in the evening by the returning postman, but I didn't know before that you could have your letters collected from your own house in London. Did you?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Young Man's Fancy

WHEN, in the week after Easter, you see a young man with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, you will probably judge that his fancy, in the poet's rather unoriginal phrase, is lightly turning to thoughts of love. Your supposition will be correct, but your youth will not be suffering from a green sickness caused by the heartlessness of some lovely maiden. A woman, as Kipling said, is only a woman. A young man, I hope, has other loves.

The Hidden Willow

HIS thoughts are with the willow, but he hangs up no harp and does not sit him down 'neath the weeping willow tree. The willow which is the object of his young (and pure) affections reposes at the moment in the box-room, where it has lain the winter long, well and truly bathed (let us hope) in good linseed oil. This is a season when he steals reverently into the attic to take a restrained but joyous peep. His fingers grip the handle. He makes a smashing, but imaginary, off-drive between the leather trunk and the old towel-horse. Then with a sigh he replaces the bat, goes downstairs, puts on his Burberry, and strides out into the rain, ruefully humming, "A few more weeks shall roll . . ."

Poignant Moments

PHILOSOPHERS will never agree as to what may be regarded as the most blissful moment of human existence. Is it the time when we first hear the nightingale singing the song that found a path

"Through the sad heart of Ruth,
when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn"?

Is it the time we first saw apple blossom in an English orchard? These moments (speaking as a connoisseur of moments) are good moments.

I Love My Love with a B

BUT they cannot compare with the moment when the old bat comes out of winter quarters. The cricket ground is still offensively puddlesome. Wembley's stricken field has yet to be fought. But courage, friend; you will soon be at the crease again. I love my love with a B because he's my Best Bat, though he never made more than a chancy seventeen, and never will. This is my first love, a love (I respectfully submit) passing the love of women.

The Lists of Spring

SPRING is a season dedicated to gardeners and publishers, and already the publishers' Spring lists are in full bloom (tra-la-la!). The crop of new season's novels comes out about the time our gardeners are putting their early potatoes in. I have a friend who says that, with a few brilliant exceptions, modern novels are not so wholesome and not even so æsthetically pleasing as new potatoes.

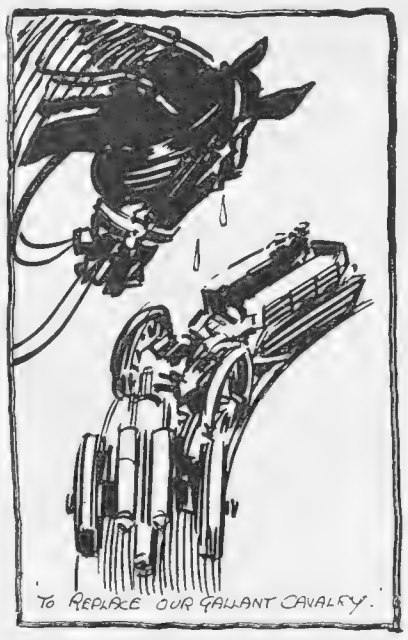
Little Novelists Have Lesser Novelists . . .

HE says that nearly every modern novelist writes a lugubrious novel about a lugubrious novelist who writes lugubrious novels about other lugubrious novelists who . . . and so on, with the perverse assiduity of the insects in the ballad. My friend's criticism is not quite fair, but it contains more than a grain of truth. Who wants a novelist for a hero? Who, in these days, wishes to read of the anæmic spiritual

struggles of some knock-kneed scribbler? Personally, I should be more interested in the spiritual struggles of a chimney-sweep.

What Will the Hero Be?

We all have our own ideas as to the sort of hero we like in our books. Quite apart from personal preferences, these things go in fashions. The reign of the Strong, Silent Man is (thank goodness!) at an end. He faded away in garrulity, after the manner of his kind. I am happy, too, to note that there is a bear market in Sheiks (I never liked Sheiks). What will the new hero be? Probably a racing motorist or a dare-devil airman. For my old-fashioned self I like a sailor hero. I would rather he was a pirate than not be a sailor at all. There's something about a sailor . . . Need I say more? I thought not.



Old-fashioned Melodies

The death of Leslie Stuart robs us of one who was perhaps the last of the old-fashioned English melodists. Do we accuse ourselves of that heinous crime, middle age, if we express a mild regret for the passing of those tinkling tunes of forgotten musical comedies? Wild horses will not drag me into an argument concerning the thing called jazz, *pro* or *con*. We should both grow rather hot and extremely bothered, so what's the use. But some of us will remember those catchy, haunting, fragrant old snatches of song when "Gee, She's the Cat's Pyjamas" is forgotten. Sorry. Pray let the saxophone continue . . .

Empire Goods

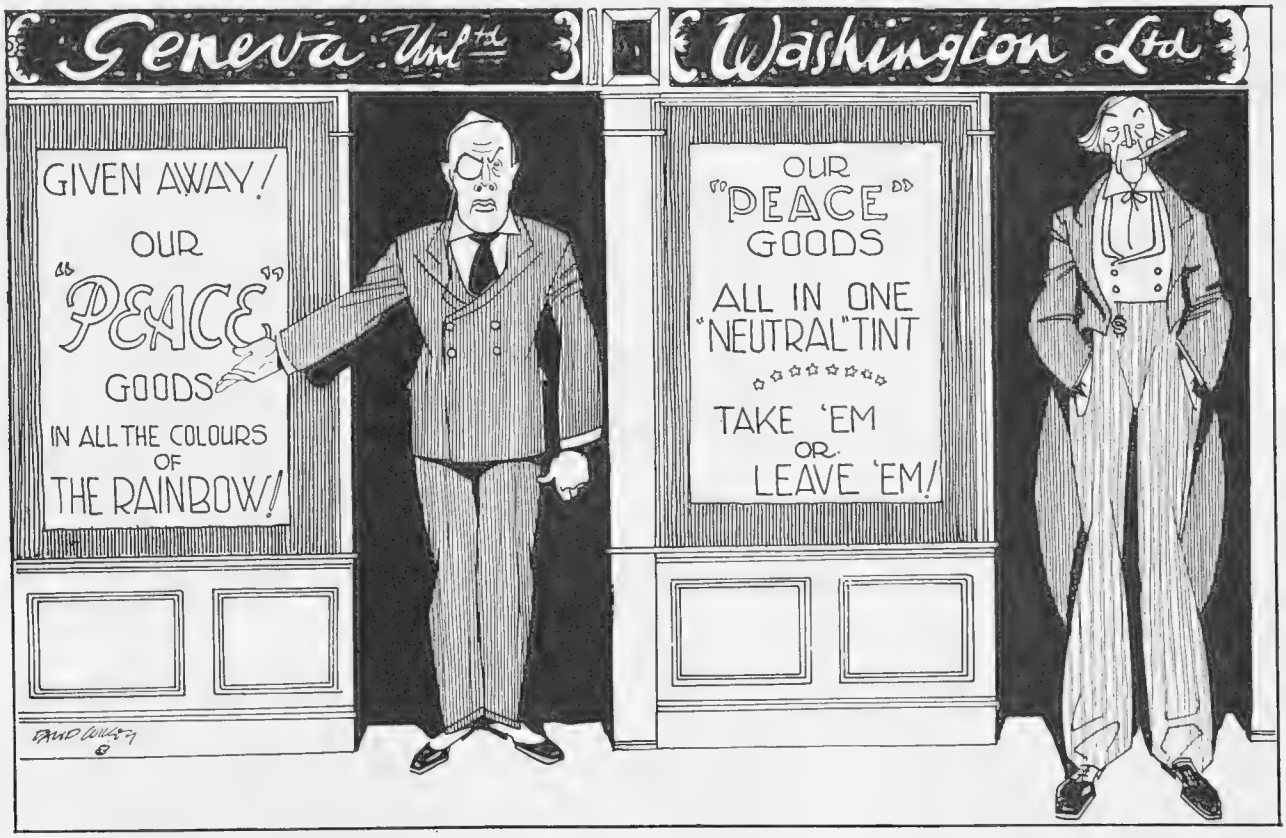
It is at least cheering that one or two musical comedies have a pleasantly British air about them. There is *Lumber Love* (which suggests big, sturdy men with shirt-collars open at the neck) and *Lady Mary*, one scene of which is set in Australia, where the kangaroos and fast bowlers come from. We have been taught to think Imperially, and even to drink Imperially. Is it so much of an effort to enjoy musical comedy Imperially?

Too Cosmopolitan

A certain type of (unlamented) musical comedy almost always wore a jaded, cosmopolitan air. It was composed in Vienna, written in Berlin, translated into American, and performed in the West End of London. I suggest we can do this sort of entertainment better ourselves. And we are doing it.

The Motor 'Bus Lancers

The mechanisation of the Army goes on apace. Piece by piece the romantic picturesqueness of all those things we loved as boys is being shorn away. I think it was the Duke of Cambridge who described the purpose of cavalry as "to add a little tone to an otherwise vulgar affair." If we are to replace our gallant cavalry by an efficient but highly unromantic motor 'bussery, war will lose much of its glamour. No one can contemplate the passing of the war-horse (noblest, bravest and most beautiful of creatures) without a sigh.



"THE RIVALS!"

By David Wilson

CAPTURED ON THE COURSE By "The Tout"

R. A. Jones registered the first big win of the season among the jockeys when Dark Warrior romped home at Lincoln the other day. "Blackie & Co." is a well-known figure on "the rails," where the bookies have scored heavily as a result of the Lincoln and National. Frank Butters is, of course, Lord Derby's popular trainer, and trains a classic candidate in Fairway

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

That Wretched Fence

ALTHOUGH the Grand National is now ancient history, it is just as well that we should consider alterations by which such a fiasco as recently occurred may be avoided in future. It is generally agreed that the Canal Turn fence is the most troublesome on the course. Almost every year it causes dire disaster to Grand National fields, and the mischief has been accentuated in recent years owing to the abnormal number of competitors. I remember one season in which Winnall was the means of bringing about almost as much mischief at this particular fence as Easter Hero did on the present occasion. Why not change the character of this obstacle? It may be argued that the Grand National course is something almost sacred in sport and should not be tampered with. That, however, strikes me as being a futile line of argument. If anything in sport is capable of improvement the alteration must obviously be to the advantage of sport.

Farcical 'Chasing

NOBODY wishes to see the Grand National reduced to a farcical affair. Supposing that Tipperary Tim and Billy Barton had got rid of their riders at the last fence, and had galloped off wildly into the country again? That was a contingency well within the rounds of possibility. Had it occurred, the race would have been declared void, just as is done with some of the scrapping contests between nasty-tempered greyhounds. For the Grand National to become a travesty of a race would be calamitous for steeplechasing. I appeal, therefore, to the Liverpool executive to make up its mind that this Canal Turn fence must be altered before the race is run again.

The Cause of the Trouble

YOU have only to walk round the course to appreciate the tricky nature of this obstacle. Immediately horses have landed over it they have to make a sharp left-handed turn on their way to Valentine's Brook. This causes some of the jockeys to endeavour to take the fence obliquely in order that there shall be no slackening of speed on landing. By this manœuvre they make the obstacle doubly difficult for their horses, with the result that it is not uncommon to see animals land right on top of the fence. This is what Easter Hero did, and in slipping back initiated all the disaster that followed. In front of the Canal Turn fence there is an open ditch which is difficult to get out of once a horse has slipped into it. If you have two or three horses in the ditch at the same time the jump is blocked for the rest of the field. The obvious thing would seem to be for the Liverpool people to do away with the ditch. Make the Canal fence a plain jump and its detestably mischievous character will be completely removed. I feel most strongly that this reform ought to be effected before another Grand National comes round. There is something radically wrong when a moderate plater like Tipperary Tim is left to finish alone in the greatest of all steeplechases.

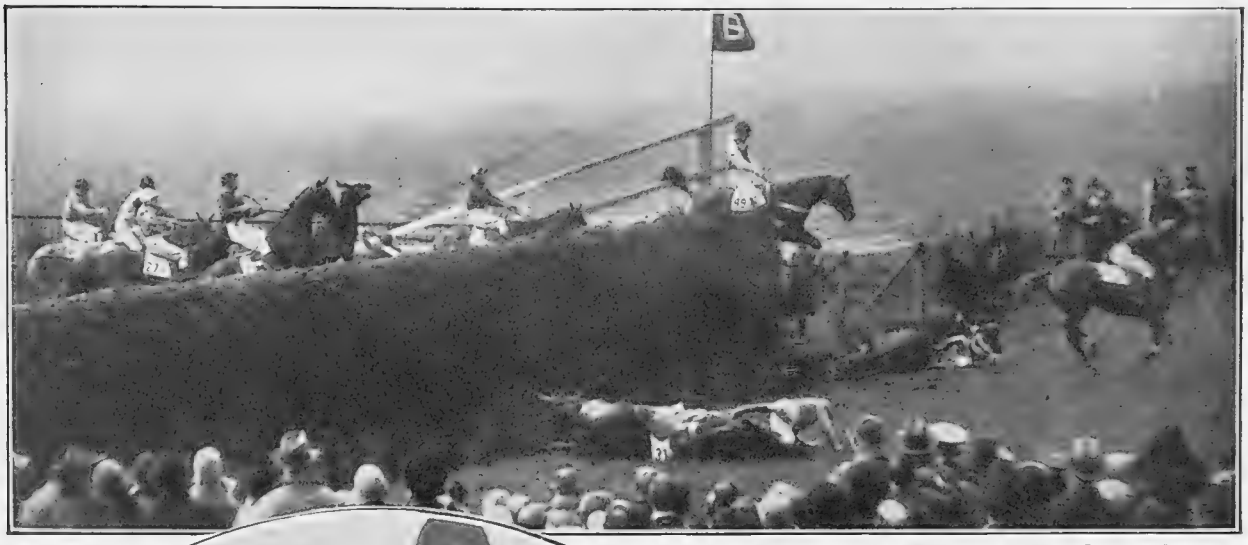
Coming Events

AFTER the Easter meetings we have to glance at the prospects of the series of important Spring Handicaps which will be competed for during the next few weeks. On Saturday we have the Newbury Spring Cup. On April 25 comes the City and Suburban. Bear in mind that this year the Epsom Spring Meeting will extend over three days instead of the usual two, this being a concession made by the Jockey Club in recognition of the new range of stands which have been built on the Downs. Further structural changes will become necessary at Epsom when the totalisator comes into force. Plenty of people are still assuring us that the "tote" will never pass through the remaining stages of legalisation. Alternatively, complete failure for it should it come into existence is predicted. In both cases the prophets will be wrong. There is not the slightest reason why the totalisator should not be as much of a success here as it has been abroad.

Horses to Follow

I OBSERVE that Hot Night is being talked of in connection with the City and Suburban, and ante post bookmakers are offering comparatively short odds about him. I would advise you not to back him before you know that he is a certain runner. The probability is that Sir Victor Sassoon's colt will wait for his later engagement in the Kempton Jubilee, run over a course that should suit him to a nicety. Fohanaun is another much-discussed candidate for the "City." Those who saw Walter Earl's Lincolnshire Handicap gallop tell me that Fohanaun was always travelling too well for Dark Warrior. In view of the latter's success on the Carholme I imagine that the Fohanaun people will find some difficulty in backing the horse unless they keep him back for the Royal Hunt Cup and the Cambridgeshire. For Saturday's race at Newbury **Philammon** looks like being a strong favourite. For the Greenham Plate on Friday I suggest that the Beckhampton stable should be followed.

"How are the Mighty Fallen!" : A Disastrous "National"



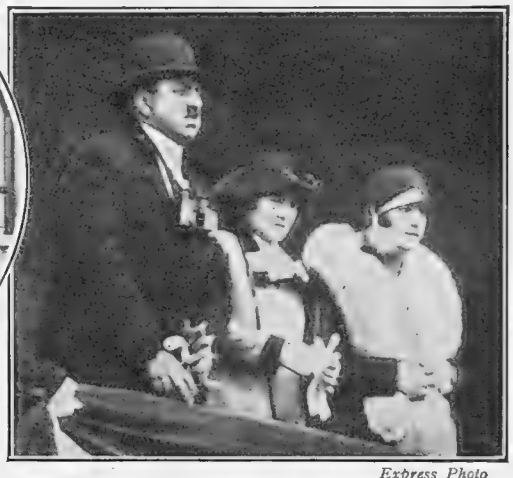
AT BECHER'S BROOK *Sport and General*

The first time round; Many horses went out of action here. Herbert's Choice and Koko can be seen on the ground

I.B.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE OUTSIDER

The "unknown" Tipperary Tim passing the winning post to win the Grand National at 100 to 1. The riderless horse seen on the left is Grand Span



Express Photo

ROYALTY AT AINTREE

The King and Queen of Afghanistan at Aintree. They are seen in Lord Sefton's box before the race

Photographs *News Illus.*

LORD LONDESBOROUGH AND LADY WARRENDER

LADY JARDINE AND SIR DELVES BROUGHTON

MISS BOWES-LYON AND LORD ACTON

Some of the many well-known racing folk who witnessed the recent Grand National. Out of a record field of forty-two starters, the only two to finish were Tipperary Tim and the American horse Billy Barton

INNOCENTS ABROAD

By PENDARVES

"Boat Raice—'ere y'are, lucky ol' baiby, tuppence each"!

At 8 a.m. of a rain-pelting morning was I thus importuned by a man on the kerbstone of Putney Bridge; I and thousands like me were expected to buy and carry upon the person a wax baby. Naked and unashamed was the boat race baby, save that it wore an immense tall hat adorned with both the light and the dark blue ribbon according to the ebb and flow of the tide of trade. Moreover, it was an *old* baby, he said, and phenomenally lucky—a mascot, in fact, take it from 'im. And we did, hundreds of us who up to now had been childless; and thus mascoted we swarmed upon the towpath.

It is 8.10, mark you! and a wise old member of the river police, coming ashore to telephone some orders, tells me he has passed "well over a quarter of a million of 'em on both banks." And still they come. By 9 a.m. it is a million and a half, according to official figures. We are truly a marvellous nation where a sporting contest is concerned. "'Ere y'are; cake o' nugget* fer a penny; wot d'yer want better'n these 'ere nuggets at a penny a time? Nuffink."

Quite true; for he is selling them by the sticky dozen to both sexes and all ages, whose speech thereafter is somewhat cramped by contact. And you can have your "photo taken and finished in one minute." Or you can buy a "Nosey Parker" to affix to your face—a great improvement in many cases.

P. and A.

FOLLOWING THE RACE

Lord Desborough (left) and Lord Ampthill following the Boat Race, which Cambridge won so easily. They are both Old Oxford Blues

9.15 and the whole world is here, with strong partisan feeling towards the one as yet invisible crew or the other; though not one per thousand of us innocents knows an oar from a scull. Yet we are terribly excited about this race—why? Those very old gentlemen in the very new light blue and dark blue caps on the balconies of the boathouses have, no doubt, good reason to be: and we have none. Nevertheless, we would not miss this morning's spectacle for anything in the sporting calendar of London; though many thousands of us have come out of the very early morning darkness from the uttermost parts of the metropolis to see the boats flash by for a couple of minutes at the most.

An innocent stands on the river's edge and learns wisdom from the mouth of a sage.

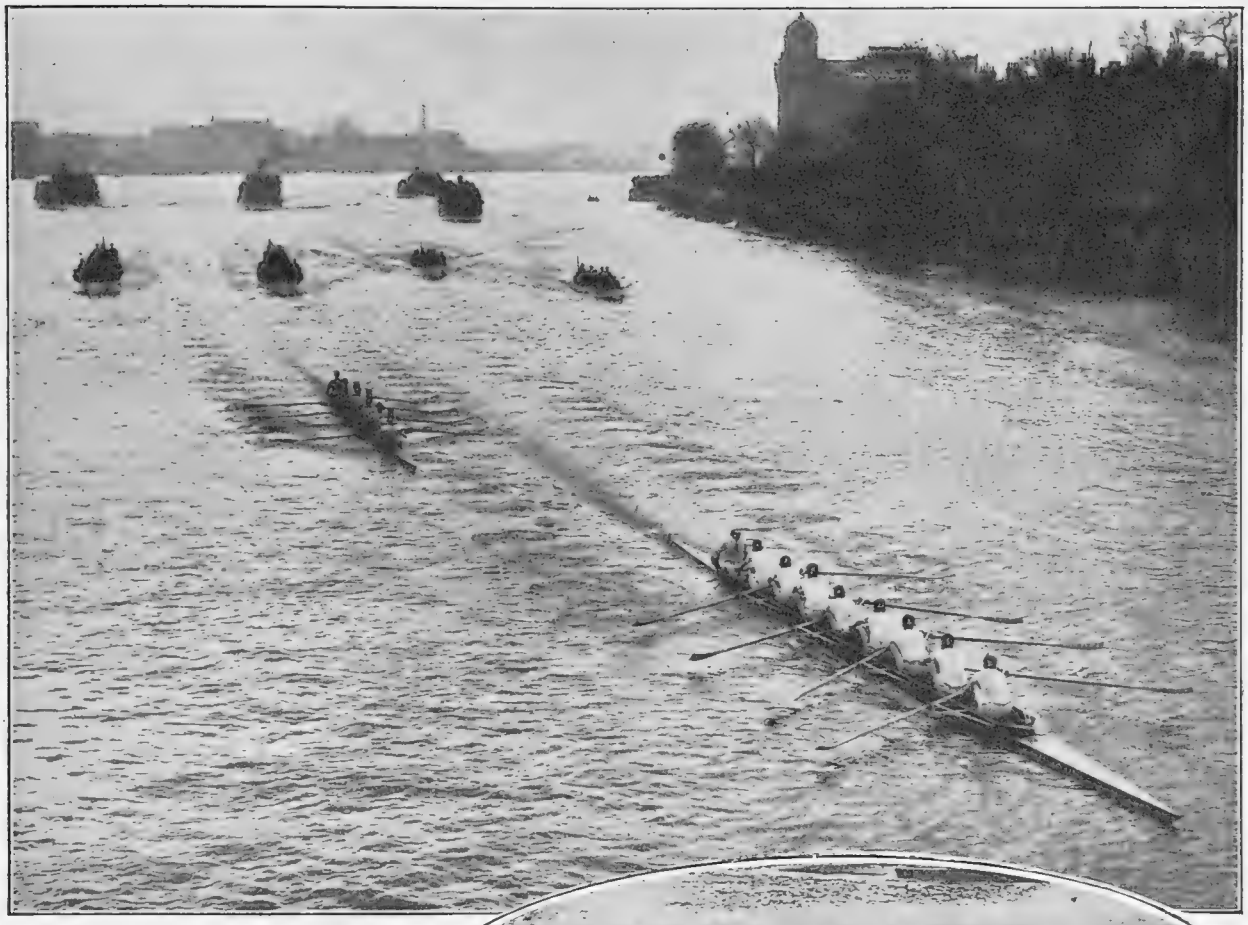
"Yus: this 'ere Amanuller's learnin' a thing or two 'bout England s'mornin', ain't 'e? We bin showin' 'im a thing or two, quietly, larst week or two, not arf we ain't; an' we *can* show them as wants ter see—give yer *my* word. . . . There y'are, there's Oxford, comin' out fer a spin; tidy-lookin' lot. An' Caimbridge, over on the fur side—see? Don't think much o' them, m'self; still, you never knows. I've seen thirty o' these 'ere raices. I 'member once, afore the War it were. . . ."

The hour now being at hand and the congestion acute on our part of the bank, we begin to gaze steadfastly towards the Bridge, forsaking the blandishments of vendors of paper parasols, "nugget," lightning photography, programmes an' guides; for both crews have taken to the water again, and matters are imminent—have, in fact, reached dramatic climax. *"They're orf!"* There is a succession of little splashes on the water far away and a thunderous roar of voices. For a full minute only they are broadside to the vision, and are then enveloped by scurrying craft and portly launches following in wake—and they disappear. Whereupon all the thousands of heads turn towards the Putney Boathouses—and a flagstaff.

The light blue and the dark blue flags hang side by side—the light a shade higher than the dark. Some voice is telling the innocents abroad every detail of the grim struggle from the following broadcasting launch, and it is relayed to us. All we hear, however, is a confused murmur of sound because we are making a pandemonium of noise ourselves. The dark blue flag begins to droop; fifty thousand of us groan and a hundred and fifty thousand—or so it seems—cheer. It is a curious fact that, innocent as we may be, the vast majority of us are wearing the most likely colour of the two (according to yesterday's papers). You see, it is so gratifying to be adorned subsequently with the winning colour; few of us want to be "Oxford" if they are ten lengths behind—it's no fun. The dark blue drops another foot—and another. The whole drama is unfurled in these two flags, and presently the dark blue is taken down and is no more seen, and the light remains fluttering flamboyantly in the breeze. The tale is told, pictorially and beautifully to most of us; and we are entirely satisfied with the whole gay, exciting, one-minute business which has thrilled a million of us for a couple of hours or more.

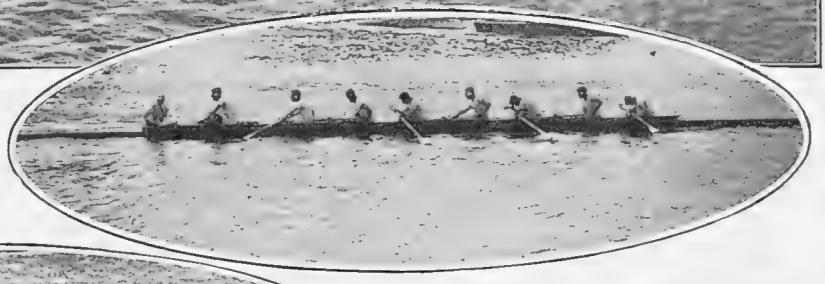
* Nougat

The Dark Blues' Dark Day



THE "PROCESSION" STARTS

Cambridge leading Oxford by approximately two lengths as they are about to shoot Hammersmith Bridge. Right from the start they had matters their own way



Photographs *Sport and General*

"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE"—

Of Cambridge, fresh and fit at the finish

—"AND ON THIS"

Of Oxford, all out after their plucky, but fruitless struggle

AT THE FINISH *Central News*

The scene at Mortlake at the end of the Boat Race. Cambridge beat their rivals with the greatest ease, and, rowing at a lower rate throughout, passed the winning post ten lengths ahead of Oxford

By Bertram Prance

THEIR RÔLE!

Canvasser: "Like some awnings, mum?"
Lady: "I don't require any awnings, thank you, they keep out the sunshine and we get little enough as it is."
Canvasser: "You need never use 'em, mum—they'll roll up!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

One of the riders who fell at Aintree is said to have broken several teeth. Many unlucky backers are still referring to the Grand Gnashional.

. . . . .

A film expert declares that, above everything, a film actress must possess temperament. That, in classical parlance, would appear to be a "cine" quâ non.

. . . . .

"I'm awfully sorry," he apologised, as he trod violently on his dancing partner's toes.

"Don't mention it," said she, sweetly. "I've been a stamp collector for years!"

. . . . .

Lady Members of Parliament complain that there is only one mirror in their dressing-room. The next thing we shall hear is that they want a peer-glass.

Stage Silhouettes
(Mr. C. V. France.)

Though English to the very core,
All acting merit I advance,
And, therefore, loudly cry, "Encore!
Hats off to France!"

A correspondent wants to know why Northern Soccer teams should be superior to teams in the South. Possibly it is because the forwards of the former clubs make more use of their industrial "centres."

. . . . .

"Can I sell you this vacuum cleaner, madam?"

"No, thank you; I am already suited."

"Then, please pardon me. I did not notice you had been shampooed!"

. . . . .

It is said that French bread is indigestible for children. That may explain why the latter so frequently get a little "*pain*" in their tummies.

. . . . .

There've been times when your bookie
would tap 'ee,
And leave you extremely unhappy;
Now we're pickling the rods
For the layers of odds,
For I notice the Tote's on the tapis!

. . . . . .

"Tottenham," says a North London football enthusiast, "are a knightly side." Certainly a long time ago they won their "spurs."

. . . . .

Oxford was once said to be the home of lost causes. It is even truer nowadays to assert that the Thames is their home of lost courses.

. . . . .

It is said that Venetians, though confirmed card players, usually play for very small stakes We, ourselves, only play for "Bridge of small size."

. . . . .

"D'you know, sir," remarked the masseur as he vigorously pummelled

By Stan Terry

A LONGING AND A SHORTENING

Sweet Sixteen: "Mother, I'm tired of looking such a kid—couldn't I have *shorter* frocks now?"

The Limit!

BY WILMOT LUNT

CONSTABLE: "I shall have to report you. You were speeding at 40 miles an hour"
DRIVER: "But I've not been out an hour, officer"

his client in the Turkish bath, "your liver is out of order."

"I know," groaned his victim, "but you needn't rub it in!"

. . . . .

"You've got an immovable mass of debt," remarked a politician to Mr. Winston Churchill.

"I know," replied the Chancellor; "but I've got to Budget!"

. . . . .

"You've put too much sherry in the tipsy cake," said the indignant wife.

"Wot if I 'ave, mum," replied the unrepentant cook, "it's only a 'trifle'!"

. . . . .

"Granny," said little Joan, showing her little set of lingerie, "just look at my complications!"

. . . . .

A Jew, a Welshman and a Scotsman recently had an argument as to which was the wettest race-course in England. The Scotsman voted for Manchester: the Welshman declared in favour of Windsor, but the Jew, who won, declared it was from Putney to Mortlake.

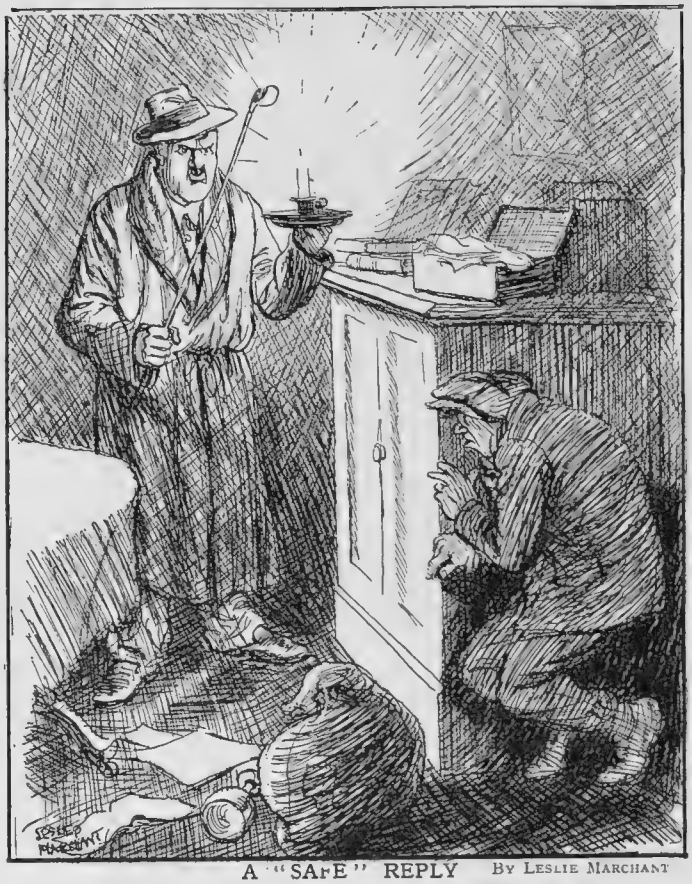
. . . . .

A gentleman's servant, who has committed several seaside robberies, is sought for by the police who have circularised his description: Now then, in the words of the old song, "Know you the valet by the sea?"

. . . . .

At the time of writing the little Asiatic bear who escaped from a Sussex menagerie is still at large. Aeroplanes, assisting in the search, are alleged to have dropped bombs on its suspected whereabouts. The old tag about bringing "pressure to bear" will occur to our readers.

. . .



A "SAFE" REPLY By Leslie Marchant

Householder: "Who is it?"
Diminutive Burglar (*nervously*): "Er—I wish to remain anonymous!"

Hot Stuff

I was asked to go out to a gay show,
Which I heard was decidedly *très chaud*.
Was it pure? was it not?
Was it very red-hot?
I can only reply, "I should shay sho'!"

. . . . . .

The finalists in the English Soccer Cup are said to consume large quantities of tea. After all, it is the Cup that cheers.

. . . . . .

Referring to Mr. Cochran's admirable production at the London Pavilion, a critic remarks, "The wheels of the show were admirably oiled." Yet the manager refuses to rechristen his show, "This Year of Grease."

. . . . . .

It was to his indifferent Bridge partner that the late Mr. Mostyn Piggott remarked, "X, when I play with you, I realise that I am living beyond my means!"

. . . . . .

We understand that the sheep-dipping season will shortly commence. Therefore we trust that no farmer will spoil the sheep for a ha'porth of tar.

By Frank R. Grey

THE RAINING TOPIC

"Grandpa, were you in the Ark?"
"Why, no, child!"
"Then why weren't you drowned?"

From Our Portrait Gallery

Yevonde

LADY URSULA ABBEY

Photographed with her little daughter, Juliet, and an old friend of the family. Lady Ursula Abbey is the second daughter of Earl Cairns, and married Captain John Roland Abbey in 1921. Juliet Hermione is three years old

Produced February 29, 1928.

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

I THINK this may be regarded as a gentle thesis on Murder as One of the Fine Arts. It differs from most plays of the kind because the identity of the murderers is known from the start; and though there is a fine, roomy bookcase against the wall of the room, nobody glides out of it furtively to add to the trouble. The story is a rather long time in starting off the mark, and it has some difficulty in getting its second wind for the unusual climax; but as soon as things get moving at either end of the play, the going is very brisk indeed. We are at the peaceful Sussex home of Mr. Arthur Ludgrove (Mr. H. R. Hignett), whose nephew Jimmy (Mr. Jack Hobbs) and his ward Susan open the ball for us. Ruthlessly sub-edited, their story conveys the news that many years ago in South Africa Mr. Arthur Ludgrove was instrumental in sending a couple of Bad Men to long imprisonment, and one day it is apprehended they will come to Sussex and hit him back.

MR. LUDGROVE keeps open house with a nice hospitality. Among his guests are two recent acquaintances, Mr. Edward Carter and Mr. Edward Laverick, who seem to be quiet and inoffensive chaps. But one afternoon Mr. Carter drops into Mr. Ludgrove's study to have a heart-to-heart talk about this Laverick fellow. He has found out things by accident, and in his opinion Laverick is one of the imprisoned criminals who has come to Sussex under an assumed name to do Mr. Ludgrove in. Mr. Ludgrove hesitates to believe that a guest of his would behave so impolitely, but as a measure of precaution he takes his revolver from a drawer in his writing-table, while the benevolent Mr. Carter stands by in case any help should be needed. In due course Laverick appears, and coldly announces his intention of shooting Mr. Ludgrove dead, to balance the little account outstanding from South Africa.

THEN we have a scene of much ingenuity and originality. Laverick begins by getting the drop on his man, as I believe the movement is known in official circles. Mr. Carter, emerging abruptly from a window recess at the back, compels Laverick to turn for a moment. This gives Mr. Ludgrove time to reach for his own gun and cover Laverick, while at the same time he telephones for the police. The nice art of the story becomes apparent at once, as everything is working according to plan. Mr. Carter, whom we have hitherto regarded merely as a nice kind gentleman, solicitous for his host's welfare, rushes at Mr. Ludgrove and, holding his trigger finger, compels him to shoot himself and still retain his hold of his weapon. It is thus suddenly revealed to us that Carter is Laverick's accomplice in crime.

THE YOUNG SLEUTHS *Stage Photo Co.*

Jimmy Ludgrove (Jack Hobbs) and Susan Cunningham (Nora Swinburne) in conference. Their efforts at clearing up the mysteries surrounding the murder are both strenuous and successful

CARTER is very cunning. The telephone is open, and the police, already called, are listening at the other end. Carter therefore wads the mouthpiece of the telephone so that no other sound shall get through after the report of the firearm has been heard. The two men have chosen a moment when they are the only guests left in the house, all the others having gone to their outdoor sports. Laverick is for dashing away at once; but Carter lays it down as a fixed principle for the use of murderers and others, that criminals get run to earth so often because they have been in too much of a hurry, and have not looked about them carefully after the deed is done in order to destroy any clues that might afterwards be used in evidence against them. With quiet thoroughness Carter removes every possible cause of unkind suspicion on the part of the police, and then retires in good order.

IN the next Act the police are on the fatal spot carrying out a first-hand investigation. Finding the door of the room locked

Stage Photo Co.

A LITTLE FLATTERY

Edward Carter (Frank Cellier) proves in conversation with Mrs. Fulverton-Fane (Marjory Clark) that it is quite possible to be a murderer without necessarily being a bore, to boot. Major Fothergill (F. Kinsey Peile) listens to the badinage with complacent approval

they had been compelled to climb through the window. Mr. Ludgrove had been found at his desk with a revolver in one hand and the telephone receiver in the other. Mr. David Hawthorne, as the investigating official, sums up the evidence with a nice precision, and proves with complete logic that it is so obviously a case of suicide, that for the moment we begin to fancy we must have been suffering from delusions. Carter and Laverick are able to establish a complete alibi, and the other members of the household are clearly above suspicion. It is thus officially established that Mr. Ludgrove called up the police merely to let them hear the sound of the firing, so that they might be the first to come to the scene, and thus spare any member of the family the horror of finding the bloodstained corpse.

So far it is clear that the criminals have covered their tracks successfully. As, however, we know that in plays on the stage murderers can never be permitted to get away with it, if only for the sake of the moral effect on the public, we come back to Jimmy and Susan who began the talking in the First Act. Susan is not at all satisfied with the conclusions of the police. The theory of suicide may be all right for Scotland Yard, but it will not do for a bright young girl like Susan who loves the deceased as a father, and who has that priceless gift, a Woman's Intuition.

There is a cruel legend that women have no sense of logic, but Susan nails that libel down at once. She also explodes the amiable old axiom, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*. Without a shred of evidence to begin with, and guided only by her Womanly Intuition, she postulates her theory of murder, and invites Jimmy to support it with corroborative evidence. Starting with nothing, she adds to it a clean sheet of blotting-paper, and to the blotting-paper she adds a folded envelope. These two apparently quite irrelevant articles presently begin to take shape until at last they shriek aloud as positive clues; while Susan, with the single-minded diligence of the spider, goes on weaving from her own resources the web ultimately destined to enmesh Messrs. Carter and Laverick. The completion of the convincing evidence from such slender beginnings is done with great skill.

In the last scene we have Mr. Carter, comfortably satisfied that he is not even suspected, looking up a train for Brighton, where he doubtless proposes to recuperate after his very severe exertions. I suppose even an accomplished murderer has to rest between his jobs. His pleasant reverie is interrupted by Susan, who makes it clear to him that she is satisfied as to his guilt and that accordingly he will find the police waiting for him on the doorstep. Miss Nora Swinburne as Susan bears the brunt of this last scene most successfully; while she is helped considerably by Miss Mary Sheridan, who is quite brilliant in a very small part. Mr. Frank Cellier as Edward Carter acts admirably; and Mr. Tom Reynolds is a very comic policeman. JINGLE.

P. and A.

IN THE LINE-OUT

A scene during the game between the Sandhurst Cadets, who are visiting Paris, and the St Cyr Cadets. The match took place at the Stade Francais in the Parc de St Cloud

FOOTBALL UNDER TWO CODES IN THE SERVICES

P. and A.

PUZZLE—FIND THE BALL

Sandhurst and St Cyr forwards in a little game of hide-and-seek with an elusive ball. Sandhurst beat their hosts by 32 points to 8

Central News

AT ALDERSHOT

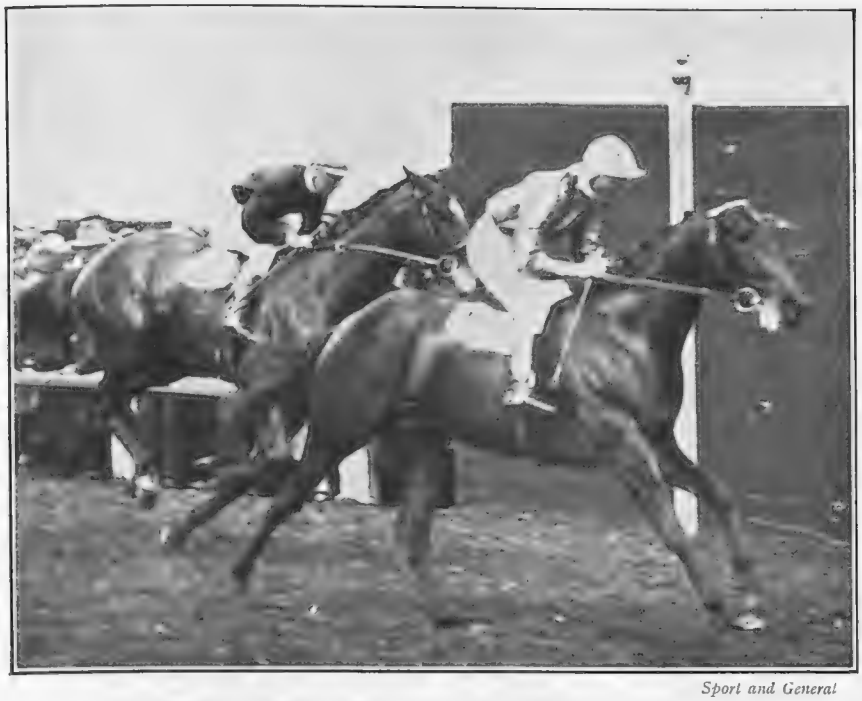
Lieut.-General Sir David Campbell, K.C.B., presenting the Cavalry Football Cup to the captain of the 11th Hussars, who beat the 3-6th Dragoon Guards by 2 goals to 1

Photopress

THE ARMY TEAM

A photograph of the Army Association Football XI who recently beat the Royal Air Force by the comfortable margin of six goals to one. Played at Uxbridge before a large crowd of spectators, the Army's attack proved too well sustained for the Airmen's defence to be able to withstand the onslaught for long

A "Jo(e)lly" Day at Lincoln



Sport and General

THE FINISH. DARK WARRIOR AND PHILAMMON FIGHTING IT OUT

The Lincolnshire Handicap this year was run under perfect conditions, good going, clear light and a following wind. Mr. S. B. Joel's Dark Warrior was the winner, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Philammon second, while Capt. Hutchison's The Mohawk ran third

L.N.A.

BARON DE TUYLL AND LORD LONDESBOROUGH

Sport and General

THE HON. IVY STAPLETON AND BARONESS BEAUMONT

Watching the parade for the Lincoln

G.P.U.

DARK WARRIOR (R. JONES UP)

Being led in, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap

G.P.U.

M. M. BOUSSAC (centre)

The French owner of Cramick photographed with S. Darling (left), his trainer in this country

In the Theatrical Firmament

Pauline

MISS MADGE ELLIOTT

Who provides some of the many attractive features of "So This Is Love," which Laddie Cliff has produced at Blackpool, and will bring to Town later on. Miss Elliott was a big success in "Lady Luck," which had a triumphant run at the Carlton

SEVEN SEDUCTIVE STREETS

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER

No. III

MOTLEY

"Stand attentively up on its kerb for ten minutes and observe the passing faces"

"I OFTEN shed tears in the motley Strand for fullness of joy at so much life." But perhaps when he said this Charles Lamb had just emerged rather lachrymosely from one of the many little taverns which lay back surreptitiously in the alleyways and courtyards that flanked this teeming high road in his day. So much life: that phrase is spelt into every letter of the Strand's great history. It is indeed the Motley of London, and one of its most seductive main streams.

Why the Strand? Because it *was*, in fact, once the slippery margin of the river itself: and in 1656 there were more than three hundred watercourses crossing it. Nobody bothered to pave it until Henry VIII had it done, to help his horsemen: and even then they did not bother to clear away all the thickets and bushes that interrupted the convenient running of the coaches. But having made something of a road along the river bank there came a period of social grandeur to the neighbourhood. Great lords built their town houses on the south side now occupied by the Savoy, the Cecil, the Tivoli. But it soon became a street of retail trade, taverns, shops, sedan chairs, and hackney coaches. For was it not the great highway along which drifted the flotsam and jetsam of life between the City and Westminster? A full-blooded artery of London's life, throbbing then from dawn to dusk; pulsing now vibrantly and almost incessantly through the twenty-four hours of all our days.

It is, however, and seems always to have been, pre-eminently a man's street. The shops have never catered much for women: there has never been a "millinery establishment" in the Strand: there isn't one to-day: and no woman would go to the Strand to buy anything—unless her man asked her to: and she would grumble a bit at having to go then. There is, nevertheless, a little emblem of man's devotion to woman staring up at the feet of the Strand. For in 1291 Edward, the King, walked from Lincoln with the body of his wife, the beloved Eleanor, to bury her at Westminster. At every place where the cavalcade rested her husband erected a cross in memory of her pausing there. The last of these twelve little shrines was set up in the village of Cherringe. And in the station yard of Charing Cross a replica of that lovely gesture stands to-day: though you won't notice it from inside one of the busy 'buses that grate past, jostling one another all day long.

The Motley caters for all manner of men, in all kinds of gimcrack, stunt shops. A "Breeches Specialist" announces himself next door to a Publican, who strongly recommends Old Hebrides whisky. His neighbours call themselves "Philatelic Publishers": in plainer English, a stamp collector's shop. And they have on the other side of them an enterprising merchant who has Railway Lost Property for sale. His windows are somewhat overshadowed by a huge hoarding which tells a sadly indifferent world that the Cancer Hospital wants £150,000 urgently. Immediately underneath this you can, it is said, get "the best two-shilling lunch in London": after which you had better investigate closely—for fear of missing something good—the shop whose windows have issued a proclamation that "Every Carpet and Rug MUST be sold REGARDLESS of Cost." You are left with the feeling that probably next week they will pay you to take the damstuff away.

The Motley has two main gates, at its east and west ends. They are not gates really, but a mental curtain seems to lift as you reach either end of this seductive street. At the east stands the Griffin, pygmied by the tremendously important Law Courts: this is the official entrance to the City, and nobody is allowed to forget it—not even Kings. A gate stood here in 1533—a bar (Temple Bar) to the sanctity and opulence of the City. They had it newly painted and repaired for Anne Boleyn's reception: and for the coronation of Edward VI, in 1547, they did it up again "with battlements whereon stood divers singing men and children": the City magnates were always devils for entertaining. Queen Elizabeth had to stop at this gate, too, frowning haughtily at the delay, before she could proceed on her way to return thanks at St. Paul's for our deliverance from the Armada menace. And even to-day our own King, going east in State, waits tolerantly in the road here while the Lord Mayor produces keys out of his coach, and the City Aldermen stand on guard, their white spats peeping out from beneath their robes and giving the entire show away.

At the other " gate," when your 'bus or taxi reaches the narrow outlet of the Strand, the broad, sun-splashed expanse of Trafalgar Square seems suddenly redolent of the insidiously attractive West End and all that it offers. You have been pitchforked out of commercialism into the roystering amusement park of London, which stretches enticingly before you. Perhaps this is why all westward-bound vehicles hog horribly across Trafalgar Square, panting for Piccadilly.

Although there is a veritable motley of humanity; although the Strand depicts the comprehensive character of London Town more than any other of her myriad streets, it has three outstandingly dramatic periods in its days. Morning: When the surge of movement is all eastward. When the motor omnibuses are a tight wedge of apathetic folk trying unsuccessfully to read their newspapers: a City-bound community inclined to despondency at all phases of life prior to the luncheon respite. Between 8.30 and 10 a.m. the Strand is merely a means to a City end. But its river is flowing in spate towards St. Paul's: and you wonder where all the concourse carried on it is to be accommodated when it gets to its destination: and yet you are only seeing a minute portion of the populace the City swallows in its voracious jaws daily.

"A gay medley of opera cloaks and white shirt-fronts"

Noon: When the street is in the full clamour of its daily movement. The pendulum swings east and west, west and east. It has no definable purpose—it is all-embracing in character. The Strand is a very wise old bird: it knows everything. It is, in fact, London. It has in its make-up the swagger hotel; the *recherché* restaurant; the impressively upholstered office. But close alongside all these it has the little dingy, cheap hostelry, out of date in everything except the acute perception of human frailty at a shrewd first glance. It has all manner of folk upon its pavements. Stand attentively upon its kerb for ten minutes and observe the passing faces: they will tell you all sorts of stories as clearly as does the written page. But the Motley at high noon is not fundamentally a shopping street, a business resort, an amusement centre. It is not fundamentally anything at all. It never was anything in particular, but always was everything in general—hence its charm.

Night: In the turmoil of its theatre traffic it is a hectic thoroughfare. It wakes up with a violent start at 8.5: remains restlessly and rather ill-temperedly wide awake until 8.40, when it snores again until 10.55. Then it has a nightmare.

In the first phase it brings the evening clothes by the hundred lolling back in the big limousines, fashionably, and therefore imperturbably, late for the play. Hither hurries also the Circle and the Pit, over-anxious to be early rather than late—a heinous crime in their eyes. Having packed away Stalls, Circle and Pit, the Strand turns over and sighs philosophically, rather annoyed at what it considers the truculent blaze of publicity those cinema lights give out the entire evening, when they know perfectly well they are packed to capacity and so need not waste all that expensive current which half blinds one.

In the pause which intervenes between the theatre rushes the Strand is an amusing place to wander in, if only to hear fragments of the conversations of waiting chauffeurs in side streets: to observe the ceaselessly vigilant, though apparently completely indolent, perambulatings of the London policeman, whose particular enemy presently will be the shove-in, shove-out taxi-driver " doing the theatres."

And here they come! Where was a quiet, leisurely smoking posse of commissionaires a moment ago is now a gay medley of opera cloaks and white shirt-fronts grouped about brilliantly lighted doors. Long snakes of cars creep out of side streets: every vehicle, the moment its door is slammed upon its occupants, hoots, turns, twists and treads on all its gas to get away from the whole bothersome business: everyone is in a violent hurry, though why no man can explain. Pit and Circle have cast out their people precipitately upon the pavement to add to the congestion: commissionaires shout, taximen swear, motor 'buses change gear stridently and disgustedly, and it is every man for himself in this the street's most frenzied hour.

Now they have all gone: theatre lights are switched off: the pavements are empty: the roadway is comparatively safe for democracy: the picture fades from the vivid screen. But not quite . . . All night there will slide across it a scampering taxi, a lumbering lorry, a hurrying newspaper van, an ambling horse-drawn cart or two. For this is a road that stretches from east to west; and the multifarious interests of the Town are such that wise men from the east have many dealings with the west all night, in this city that never sleeps. And the Motley is there for this purpose. It always has been. Ever since they cleared its bushes and thickets away, because of the annoying traffic blocks, four hundred years ago.

D. L.

BY H. H. HARRIS

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 6—MAJOR C. O. HEZLET

Major Hezlet won the Irish Amateur Golf Championship in 1926, and is famous for his very wide stance. He is seen here "striding the course like a Colossus"

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BY ALFRED LEETE

G'S LIFE

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C.F.H.

"She was standing in front of the curtained doorway, a dramatic figure against the crimson and shadowed folds"

IT HAPPENED IN PARIS

By RICHARD VINER

Illustration by ALBERT BAILEY

"THIS, m'sieur, is the salon, or, you would say, the sitting-room, through the left is the bedroom, *et la salle des bains.* As you see, m'sieur, it is ideal *comme une garconnière*—as bachelor flat."

The concierge with a "Pardon, m'sieu," went ahead of the young man in order to switch on the light in the adjoining room and, forsaking her comparatively fluent English for French, began extolling the virtues of the flat with Gallic volubility of which Peter Chauncey understood one word in ten. He had never progressed far beyond establishing the tenancy of his aunt's pen, but one word in ten is usually sufficient with a garrulous Parisian concierge.

The flat was situated in one of those grey, inanimate streets off the Rue Blanche that lead to the nocturnal extravagance of Montmartre. A street that conceals behind its dolorous and usually dirty curtains both offices and residential apartments, as well as many of the laboratories and consulting rooms of those mysterious doctors who advertise with such conviction their ability to bring about a "*guérison de toute maladie de la peau, du sang où de l'estomac,*" as well as many other and more sinister afflictions.

As Peter followed the concierge into the bedroom the first thing he saw lying over the back of a chair by the bed was an intimate little fragment of feminine apparel. In the sitting-room there had been flowers, books on the table. He turned to the concierge. "I thought this flat was empty."

"Mais oui, m'sieur, it is. At the moment, yes, a young lady is here, but she leave to-morrow morning. M'sieu wished it so immediately this evening?"

"No, no, that's all right. If I decide to take it I shall not require it until the end of the week."

"Bien, m'sieur," and having scrupulously pointed out to him every piece of the bathroom's equipment, commented with pride upon its luxury, and candour upon the various necessities it fulfilled, she led him back to the salon.

"M'sieur would like to think over it and examine again for himself while I go to attend for a little moment the bell I hear ringing below?" The old woman—she was a very active old woman—smiled at him.

"Thank you," said Peter.

The curtains in front of the door rustled behind her as she left the room. They were deep red, the colour of a clove carnation, very solemn curtains.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Peter stared at them, decided he did not like them. Had he been of an introspective nature, which he certainly was not, he would have said that there was something mischievous and untoward about those curtains. He turned round to appraise the rest of the room. On the right of the provocative curtains was a window, below it, and enclosing the angles of the wall, a divan, more exactly, perhaps, a low-built sofa. The chairs were hard and uncomfortable like the best of French chairs, there was a lacquer writing-desk and—

"Who are you?"

Peter swung round. Who had spoken, and in English? The thought was answered. A woman; she was standing in front of the curtained doorway, a dramatic figure against the crimson and shadowed folds. Peter was firstly and always susceptible. He forgot surprise at first glance of the blue, bright eyes that stared at him with challenging suspicion. Above the eyes was a hat, a hat that came to a peak above her nose and ran away in two waves about her face. Peter thought he had never seen so white a face. "Beauty in distress, perhaps," he hoped, and saw himself a gallant Perseus beside this lovely Andromeda, but Andro-

meda, as he had not yet answered her question, repeated it in Anglo-accent French.

"Qu'est-ce-que vous faites ici?"

Peter was puzzled. "I have been looking at the flat. I was informed it was to let. The concierge has only this moment left me." Then he remembered the morsel of *crêpe de Chine* in the bedroom. "If you are the present owner, I must apologise for appearing to be such an intruder."

She smiled and with that discarded much of her baleful regard.

"I ought to have realised, but I was . . ." She stopped. Peter noticed suddenly that she seemed to be standing with her back to the door as if in refuge from pursuit. He noticed how quickly she was breathing, as if she had been running.

Then she went on: "I was naturally a little startled at finding anyone in my flat." Her voice increased his impression of her nervousness, or rather of her fear, and as he looked at her she swayed slightly as if she might faint.

"Excuse me," Peter said, hope of continuing the acquaintance beating high within him, "excuse me, but you look so, so—that I suppose I can't do—get—help you at all?"

"Help me at all?" Her thoughts seemed to daze her words. Her eyes were upon him, but she was looking not at him, but at some visualisation of her mind. Momentarily she closed her eyes as if to shake herself out of this hypnotism.

"Help me?" she repeated. "Why, no, I don't think so."

"But I would like to help you," he said.

"Thank you, but there is nothing you can do."

"You must forgive me," he added, afraid he had offended her. "I wanted to make some little reparation for this—this invasion."

She did not reply immediately.

"I wonder . . ." she began.

"Yes?" he said eagerly.

"I wonder if," she paused again, uncertain of decision. "Would you go to the window," she said, almost peremptorily.

"Yes, and when I switch off the light, pull aside the curtains and look down into the street." He moved towards the window. "Look carefully and tell me if a man is waiting near this house. You will be able to distinguish him because he is a little," she seemed reluctant to say it, "deformed, an arm is crippled."

"I'll spot the fellow," Peter cried.

The light went out.

"Now," she called.

"Not a soul. The street's empty except for a taxi some way distant."

"All right, drop the curtain back and I will put on the light." He did so and stood back in the room, and she turned on the light.

"Thank you," she said simply—adorably, Peter thought.

"Look here," he asked, "if someone is threatening you, can I tell the police or something?"

"No, I don't think I can do that. You see, I am not absolutely sure that I am being threat—that is, followed. But really, I mustn't worry you further with my troubles."

"Can I say it would be a privilege?" he answered earnestly, his eyes hardly able to leave the delicate curve of her red lips—too red, perhaps.

"That is most kind of you, but I think you had better go now," she said. "I should not like you to be involved in anything that might occur. If my husb—if my suspicions are right and I am really being followed, although you have never seen me before, you would be associated in this plot against me."

Her husband? The ardour with which Peter had entered the lists against her unknown antagonist began to cool. Her husband! And a desperate fellow, it appeared. Certainly it would not be wise to become embroiled in some domestic scene, entangled in compromising accusations. Peter recollected that people in France use revolvers with reckless sense of the consequences. He pictured the irate husband shooting his pistol with the frequency of a machine gun. Peter was still young. There were more jealous husbands brandishing revolvers in his imagination at that moment than in the entire history of passionate crime.

"If you really think I ought to go," he began; but never finished.

"My God!" he yelled. "Look out, look out!"

Slowly from behind the crimson curtains came a man's hand, the fingers hanging loosely down as if paralysed, the wrist jutting up. It moved towards the electric switch. The woman, standing with her back to the door, only heard Peter's startled cry, only saw his horrified gaze, as she turned to look, and simultaneously the light flicked out.

Peter Chauncey was never likely to forget those ensuing moments. There was an ominous, menacing silence after the light went out, and then suddenly came a woman's terrified scream, the crash of falling furniture, the scramble of a violent struggle, and to Peter's ears the choking, striving gasps of someone strangling. Finally, a heavy thud, the sound of swift footsteps, the door opening and closing, the soft movement of the curtains, and silence.

It was broken by the reopening door just as Peter rose from his haunches and prepared to take flight. He ducked into cover again as the electric light snapped up. It was the concierge. At once she saw the still form lying beneath a *débris* of a broken chair and table, the cover of which lay like an improvised shroud over her head.

"Mademoiselle Margot, mademoiselle!" She stepped towards the inert form, bent down, and drew aside the tablecloth that partially covered the face and shoulders. As she turned the body over to put her hand against the heart the woman's head fell loosely back against the floor. Peter saw then a revolver lying near by; it had evidently been torn from her or dropped by her assailant.

"Mon Dieu! Morte, elle est morte!" And as Peter heard that he could have wished that he might have obtained such blessed immunity instead of the temporary shelter of the sofa where now his right leg was already evincing signs of cramp. The signs increased, the cramp was upon him; he must move it, he had to move it, he did move it—and slipped.

"Sortez de là?"

Peter trembled and hunched himself up tighter.

"Bien, you do not understand me, so I speak English. Come out! I will count two, then I will fire. One . . . Ah!"

Peter raised two frightened eyes in a face grey with panic, found himself staring at the concierge and towards the barrel of the shining nickel-plated revolver that had been lying on the floor.

"M'sieur! What is this? What have you done?"

"Done? Done? I've done nothing."

"Nothing, m'sieur? And yet there has been murder in this room. In England that is nothing, perhaps. In France we have le guillotine. Quite quick—oh, yes, but with just a leetle pain."

"I tell you it's nothing to do with me. Her husband, she was being followed; she told me. He came in, turned off the light, and when you came in I saw he had killed her."

"I do not understand, m'sieur. I

(*Continued on page* 80)

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS *Central News*

Captain F. G. M. Sparks, the Chief Pilot Instructor of the London Aeroplane Club, gives Mrs. Simon Fraser a few words of advice before taking off. Mrs. Fraser is very well known in skating circles

FLYING SOLO AT STAG LANE

Some women members of the London Aeroplane Club who are "finding their wings"

Planet News

MISS M. S. D. WILSON

Who is one of the five women members now qualifying for their certificates at Stag Lane

Photopress

MISS H. CHOLMONDELEY

Who hopes to be awarded her "solo" certificate before long

(Continued from page 78)

leave you here alone. I return and find the lady who has been living here dead and you hiding. At least, m'sieur, I would have understood better had you made attempt to stop this mysterious man you speak of." She changed the revolver to her left hand and moved towards the desk, towards the telephone.

Peter watched her, almost petrified with the frightful possibilities that faced him.

"What are you going to do?" His voice was cracked, hysterical.

"In France, m'sieur, we arrest all murderers."

"My God! you can't do that! I tell you I'm innocent, innocent! I swear I had nothing to do with it!"

"It will be better, m'sieur, to keep your swearings for the police. They understand better those things. *'Ello, 'ello, mademoiselle. Bien, donnez-moi le Préfecture de Police, s'il vous plaît. Oui, merci.*"

"For God's sake put that down! If you won't take my word, then will you take my money? I'll give you five thousand francs if you'll let me get out of this flat."

"Five million will not put life into the dead flower, m'sieur."

"Eight thousand is all I have on me. Won't you help me? I never killed her." He was pleading with frantic desperation.

"Give me the money." The concierge replaced the receiver. Peter issued from his exceedingly uncomfortable sanctuary behind the divan and produced his pocket-book. The concierge took the notes, counted them. Peter started for the door.

"Take your coat," she said. Peter stopped.

"And hat"—as he started off again without it. He turned back for a second when he opened the door.

"Take care," she said slowly, "you do not break another of life's flowers. Next time it may not be so easy to run away."

Peter went, and the concierge crossed to the window to watch his final disappearance down the street. Peter apparently did not linger, for the concierge left the window and approached the prostrate woman on the floor.

"Ça va. He's gone."

The dead body sat up with alacrity, began to arrange its hair, to speak.

"Eight thousand! Pretty good. Three thou. better than last time, anyway." R. V.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Dany Fer and Renée Lemoine, who have recently formed what is known in the States as a dancing "team," photographed in one of their spectacular dances. At present they are touring the provinces before returning to Town

A Study in "Still" Life

Sasha

A photograph of Miss Annette Benson, who is rapidly making a name for herself on the films. She recently filled a leading part in "The South Sea Bubble," adapted from the story by Roland Pertwee, and produced by Gainsborough Pictures

Those headaches

PARISIANA By "René

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

ONE of the penalties of popularity that Paris has to put up with is that so many more or less well-intentioned persons will write books about it. At least, *they* describe them as books, and confederates in the guise of publishers set them before the unsuspecting public as such. Most of them are merely ink and paper, given seeming substance by the boards that hold them together—boards that bear an unfair burden with less shame by the aid of coloured cloth. We have had to read scores of these volumes, doubtless in consequence of some age-old curse or other, and it is rare to escape from the ordeal without a headache, and a lifelong hatred of the author.

THERE must be some germ that produces this irresistible "urge" to tell us again and again just the things we know and to tell us in just the same way, holding us by the hand and pontificating the most pontifically about the most evidently obvious, but omitting, because unseen and unknown, the more delicate charms. You will realise, therefore, how much we appreciate it when it is discovered that a volume which has been very quietly offered by the bookshops is the ideal book about Paris. It is probably the best that has ever been written on this reputation-ruining subject. Buy it. But don't lend it. You will be unable to recover possession. And you haven't the heart to reproach the borrower who is holding on to it for life. It is so exceptional in that, while it will charm the reader who has never seen Paris, it is full of delights for those who know their Paris well and are consequently aware that there is much they have missed. It is unpretentiously called "A Book about Paris," and the authors are George and Pearl Adam.

LET my enthusiasm, not easily stirred by this type of book, be my excuse for quoting a couple of paragraphs, dealing with the world's most written-up female, the Parisienne: "It is customary to imagine that the female inhabitant of Paris is, by right of citizenship, better-looking and better-dressed than any other female. She is credited with eternal youth, with *chic*, with '*je ne sais quoi*,' and other mysterious qualities that bring the males of half the world to her feet in illicit adoration. She is thought to spend her life wearing bold frocks in a way that her less-favoured sisters of New York and London cannot hope to imitate; to be daring even in her lingerie; to be naturally witty and accomplished, and equally good at turning an omelette or her lover's head—for as every Paris male has to have at least one mistress, so the Parisienne must of necessity have at least one lover."

"In illicit adoration"

THIS is not, thank Heaven! an essay in comparative morality. It would be easy to contrast a Putney Pecksniff's horror over the prevalence of the nude in the Paris music-halls with M. Dupont's bewilderment over the occasional glimpses he gets in his *Journal* of Hyde Park at night. To the Parisians, the Londoner and the New Yorker are hypocrites. Frank themselves, they see no reason to deny sex, and utterly fail to understand the minds of men who in their own countries appear to treat the matter as being either one of the higher mysteries of life or one of its lower vices. Their bewilderment is naturally increased when they see those same men pouring up to Montmartre and exhibiting themselves with a class of woman whose very existence they both ignore and deplore in New York or London. Nearly all that side of Paris exists for and by the foreigner. It is the rarest thing to see a Parisian in any *boite de nuit*. The authors are just as good at describing the little-known glories of the Rue Saint Denis or the wonders of village life in Paris.

"Daring lingerie"

AN unusual thing in bargains has just been put on offer. Mulai Mohamed, the young Sultan of Morocco, wants to sell a harem. In fact, he desires to dispose of a whole collection of harems as, besides his own, he has on his unwilling hands the harem of his late father and also that of his uncle, the once obstreperous Mulai Hafid. Even with the dazzling riches of a sultan, Mulai Mohamed finds it too expensive to keep six hundred women, so any

Topical.

A FANTASTIC POSE

Madame Komarova, who is ballet mistress at the Folies-Bergère, photographed with her two partners in a striking study. This trio's dancing is one of the features of the new revue, "La Grande Folie"

Parisian who would like a little harem of his own is offered the opportunity of picking one up cheaply, bargain prices being acceptable, it is indicated. And the "expert superintendent" will also supply a book of instructions on management. There seems to be an opening here for an enterprising film director.

CERTAIN battles are always won and lost beforehand. Of these is the fight between the Briton who comes to Paris for the first time and the British resident whom he calls upon to "take him about and show him a few of the sights." Whatever the diplomatic gifts of the resident, and however stubborn his obstinacy, the newcomer ever wins. It is he who does the "taking about." He leads the reluctant resident to certain places to which he is determined to go—because somebody else went there on his first visit and took home a colourfully embroidered story.

THE Briton who has become a fairly regular visitor follows a different line of action. "Lead me," says he, "to some of the restaurants, and particularly to some of the shows, where the Parisians themselves go. Aid me in escaping from the mob of self-proclaimed tourists." Well, that becomes less and less easy because so many of the managers are concentrating on first-timers in the arranging of their programmes. Still, they are not all afflicted by the craze as yet, and for the type of visitor who wishes to see something that has Parisian favour, there should be enjoyments in the *revues* at the Théâtre Marigny and the Folies-Wagram. At the Marigny "1928" may almost be styled the *boulevardier's* own *revue*, as the more one knows of Paris the better one appreciates it. Most people get trapped by the authors' little joke in the title, as the more they look for something about 1928 the more they find about 1868 and 1900.

RENÉ.

THE CLUTCHING HAND

Julie Cartier (Jane Welsh) sleeps peacefully on the moving couch. The sinister arm which suddenly appears from somewhere in the neighbourhood of the springs and stuffing suggests a rude awakening

TAKING HIM AT HIS FACE VALUE

Julie (Jane Welsh), Michael Bruce (George Relph), and Dr. Ziska (C. V. France) receive an unusual sort of visitor. The latter, who is known as The Man Without a Face, is played by Reginald Arthur, who undoubtedly has the most expressionless part in the entire play!

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

A BLACK OUTLOOK

Caliban (William Alexander) mildly suggesting by gesture to "Red" Mackenzie (Edmund Gwenn) that he would be well advised to shun the foaming cup. Mr. Mackenzie luckily for him takes the advice and not the drink

A TRIO OF THRILLS AT THE STRAND THEATRE

To judge by the above photographs of scenes from "The Monster," the mystery play at the Strand Theatre, life, anyhow life as lived in a popular "thriller," is hardly one long, sweet song. If the piling of horror upon horror's head makes for success, this play should run for at least two decades, so full of thrills is it

THE SYNTHETIC LIFE

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 9.

DEAR COUSIN,

WHAT a seafaring nation we are these days to be sure, aren't we? What with this positively passionate vogue of the moment, I mean, for one thing, for little models of old sailing ships, the older the better, and perfectly sweet they do look, too, as dotted about in our drawing-rooms and dining ditto, and libraries and studies and places. All complete with lovely rigging and sails, and great high embattled bulwarks or whatever you call it, like fairy castles of the ocean as you might say. Also sea shanties the popular joy of the moment, and the very office and errand boys busily whistling (the usual half-tone flat) such inspiring and refreshing brine-laden airs as "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" or "Blow the man down." While the Prince hoists his royal slacks, I mean pennant, as Chief Master Mariner or something, and even Mr. Baldwin between puffs of celebrated briar (that Sir J. M. B. says he really hates) goes and discovers a perfectly good new sea-hero called Charlie that no one's ever met—and apparently never will, but that's by the way.

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PARTLY Spring Urge, I shouldn't be surprised—you know, selfsame big yearn for freedom and Call of the Wild that always gets us round about now and sets us searching the time-tables and telephoning to Cook's and people about the best trains, steamers and planes to the South Sea Islands or Sicily, or even Shrimpville-on-Sea. Because England's the land of the free, you know, and we do so ardently and adoringly and unquenchably love liberty and the open road and all that sort of thing, only . . . Well, are rather a law-abiding and routine-observing kind of people as well, aren't we, at rock-bottom (which of course has helped to make England what it is), and when it comes to the point there's all sorts of ties and things to remember. Even meals *par exemple*. What lots there are, as someone remarks in that rather clever and also daringish book of the moment, "Cullum," by E. Arnot Robertson, who don't do things they want to because it might interfere with a meal time, and half the people in the world are moored to a mutton chop.

"Cocktail parties that go on till eight o'clock"

"Sicily"

Office boys whistle it

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A HORRID thought in sooth, but some horrid truth therein, alas! When you come to think of the way we cut up our days into little slices just so's the due ritual of meals shall be properly observed. Even and sometimes meseems especially holidays, when as often as not you may be staying at an hotel or somewhere where feeding times are as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and don't you forget it. And only a few bold spirits have the strength of mind to (1) carry a packet of life-saving sandwiches around everywhere, or (2) which is really much more fun, trust to luck for picking up a meal when and wherever they happen to get utterly and irretrievably hungry and not before. Thus making the day into a real sort of sunrise-to-sunset affair instead of a series of snippets of, say, 10 to 1, 2 to 4, 5 to 7, and . . . oh well, by the time the last ritual meal's over the day's more or less nipped off at the stalk even in real summer when sunset's not till 9. But doesn't it all sound rather like a kind of school time-table, if you come to think of it, in a way?

But never mind, no need for a revolution yet here in Town anyway, where perforce and not altogether without pleasure we lead a quite attractively artificial life, and what's dawn to us or sunset or such-like arbitrary moments of the rural roughstuff calendar? Even later than ever things are getting now, evenings and mornings, because of the lots of post-tea cocktail parties that go on till eight o'clock or so. Which means either a frightfully late dinner, or if there's a show on just a sandwich while you dress and then a real good supper afterwards at Ciro's or Prince's, or the Park Lane or somewhere, with dancing to follow, naturally, 'cause all the best doctors say you simply mustn't go to bed too soon, don't they, after a decently substantial meal?

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Talking of cocktails, synthetic ones, it seems, we may soon be absorbing, according to Sir Alf. Mond, straight out of the laboratory—which I suppose means concocted from all sorts of chemicals and things, though don't think we need be in the very least dashed or daunted by *that*, do you, and am sure some of the ones we get now have got quite a lot of H_2O in them, not to mention other scientific formulas (or should it be formulæ?). But what are the new Cocktail Mixers' Association going to do about it, that I hear (honest-to-goodness) they've just formed, with London H.Q., in Dean Street, Soho? Eighty delegates from London alone there are, including, of course, Mr. Paul, of the Tricity, who's won international championships and things, and quite rightly so, too (said she, having sampled said winning potion).

"Or the Park Lane"

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And talking (once more) of cocktails, rather a pleasing one also, that new Cochran Cocktail that's just been so skilfully mixed at the Pav. or London Pavilion, commonly known as *This Year of Grace*. Which is quite charmingly composed of several colours, and also with a bit of a bite therein here and there, which is as it should be in a cocktail, what? Wherein Jessie Matthews, with her baby face and pointed nose, and little chin and long-bobbed hair, dances delightfully like a tall tulip and looks so slimly sweet that, as Viola Tree put it, "one longs for her to wear a petticoat only"—if that. And she sings, too, quite nice-ishly, especially in a little honeymoonish scene from a window with Mr. Sonnie Hale about

A room with a view, and you.

Which it's almost conceivable the Victorians might have been just a little shocked at, and I'm quite certain they would have positively thrown fits over that other honeymoon effort called "Ignorance is Bliss," details whereof I reserve for personal interview with you after the men have gone to bed or bridge.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

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By John Gordge

THE OLD, OLD STORY

Assistant Producer: "Miss Loverly won't cross the precipice on that rope, and there is no understudy"

Producer: "She'll do it all right! Just go and tell her I'll excuse her on account of her age"

FOOD-FIGHTING

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

It is with a sense of real loss that we publish this article from the pen of the late Basil Macdonald Hastings. It is one of the last this popular author wrote before his death.—Editor.

I don't believe anybody really is honest about the trouble he has with his food. I do not refer to restaurant *plats* which can usually be picked up with a spoon or fork and consumed in a few mouthfuls, but to the plain, wholesome kind the half- and quarter-rich consume at home.

Where all eaters meet in common is in battling with the breakfast egg. The egg presents the same problem to man, woman and child. Of course, your spoon may be sharp, and you may not have much of an overflow down the side of the egg-cup. But agree with me that this requires great watchfulness and skill with your egg-bayonet.

Girls are generally best at this species of breakfast-table fighting, but I know of one unhappy exception. She was a girl I had known for years, and a friend of mine thought of proposing to her. Quite unfairly, he came and questioned me. I was able to give glowing accounts of her beauty, disposition, where she shopped and where she wanted to shop—almost everything in fact, when suddenly his lips formed the one word question, "Eggs?" I had no time to think. "Awkward," I replied. He never proposed. No one could live opposite a girl who was awkward with eggs, except a painter. And a painter it was, I believe, who eventually got her.

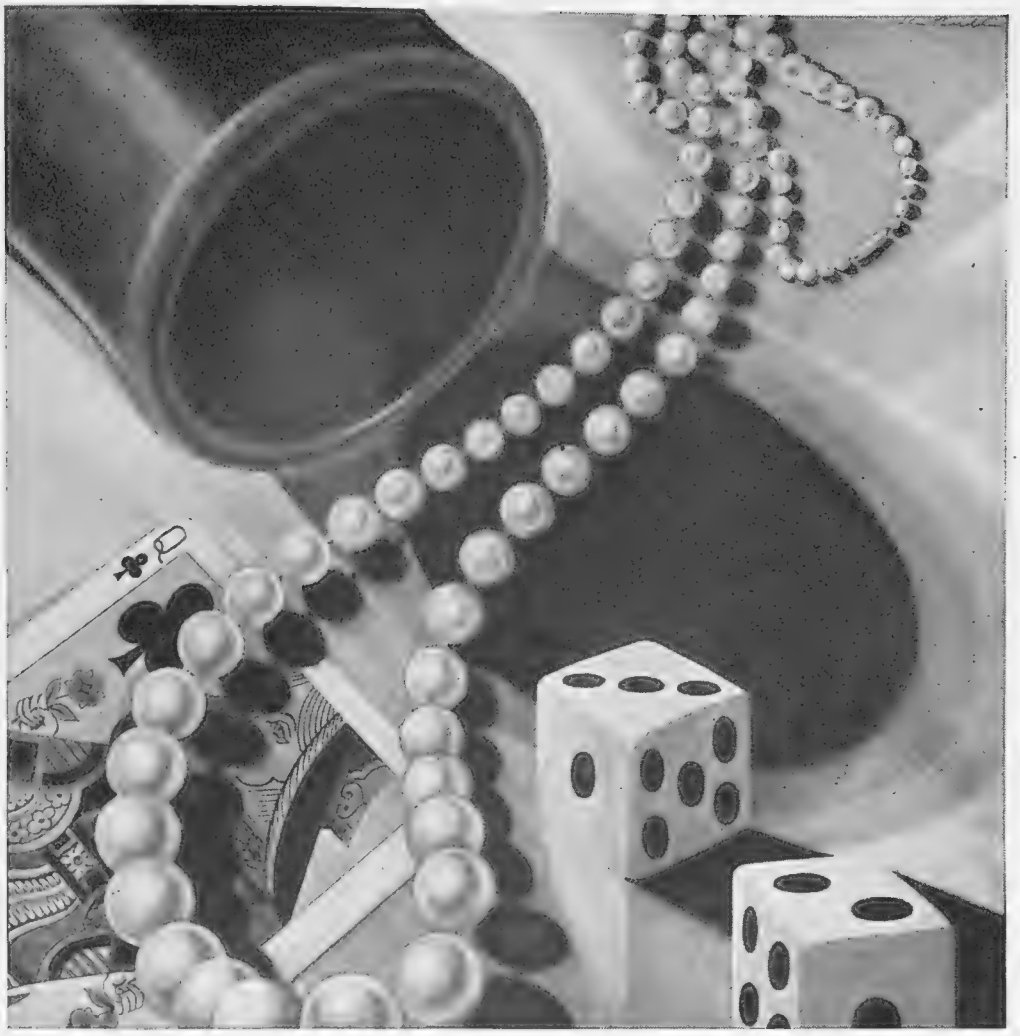
In my later middle period I did not allow people to give me chops. I know that when I came home after football my mother would give me a perfectly cooked chop, and I loved it so much that I did . . . yes, I did pick up the bone and scrape it with proud teeth. But that was fighting.

Then . . . oxtail. The story goes that King Edward picked it up and took with his mouth what is so difficult to cut off with a knife. When alone I follow his example. I would sooner sink through the earth than be caught at this kingly habit, but in secret I revel in it, and would laugh heartily at the expense of some bumpkin who had done no more in public than I in private.

Once in a Paris hotel I saw a person like a bookmaker pay the equivalent of £200 for a dinner served to himself and three other persons like bookmakers on the preceding night.

"Wicked, ain't it?" said the man who paid. "But the boys got all alight and started chucking spinach at the hand-painted ceiling!" Food-fighters to a man.

Cauliflower is not exactly vicious, but frequently you must indulge in a perfect catch-as-catch-can with the brute before you secure the juicy slip of stalk that you covet. Peas have little fight if you use my patent pea-knife, which is like a fish-knife with a balcony all round, and an acrobat's net attachment underneath. Caviare can be trained to stick before it drops, though it was invented really for people with long tongues. But far more fighting with food goes on than ninety per cent. of you have the pluck to admit.



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THE PASSING OF A MASTER OF HOUNDS *F. H. Gamble*

Hunt servants leading the funeral cortège of the late Mr. W. E. Paget, M.F.H., to the graveside at Sutton Bonington. Mr. Paget was Joint-Master of the Quorn with Major A. E. Burnaby from 1919 until his death

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Tragedy in the Shires

FOR the Quorn it was a most calamitous wind-up of the season. The death of Mr. W. E. Paget while riding with the pack was not only a dreadful shock to all associated with the Leicestershire pack, but a source of deep grief to the entire hunting community. In his quiet, reserved way there was no more popular personality in the Shires. He had the interest of his pack and of hunting generally completely at heart, and he was always prepared to do anything within his powers to help things along. Whenever I sought any information about Quorn affairs he would go to considerable trouble to see that I got my facts quite right, and I mention this as a small instance of the practical work he was never tired of putting in on behalf of foxhunting. He and Major A. E. Burnaby worked with quiet smoothness in one of the most successful terms of Masterships ever known in the Quorn country, and it is sad that it should have been terminated in this tragically abrupt fashion.

Hurworth's New M.F.H.

FROM the North Country comes the news that Lt.-Col. R. G. S. Gordon is about to take up his residence at Hornby Grange, between Darlington and Northallerton. This means that he will now assume the Mastership of the Hurworth Foxhounds in accordance with the arrangement which was made more than a year ago. A successful M.F.H. in South Dorset for a number of seasons past, he is a good all-round sportsman who may be depended on to spare no effort to restore the fortunes of the Hurworth country. Mrs. Gordon has intimate associations with North Country sport, as her father, the late Sir George Elliott, was a successful Master in his day of the Bedale Hunt. Another recent item of interest is that the new Joint-Masters of the Ludlow are to be Capt. W. H. Ockleston and Mr. Gold, the former of whom has lately been hunting a woodland country in Cheshire with his private pack.

Lost Days

IN consideration of days lost during the winter by bad weather and foot-and-mouth disease regulations M.F.H.s are keeping things going as long as they reasonably can. But with so many unmistakable signs that Spring is here the convenience of the farmer must be studied, and a great many packs have already attached the fateful notice "to finish the season" to their cards of appointment. Here and there a day has been snatched after the last advertised fixture, these outings being a sort of makeweight to local enthusiasts, compensating for time unavoidably lost in the heart of the season. Packs in the Shires which finished the season in excellent form included the Belvoir, whose new Joint-Master, Mr. P. S. Akroyd, is heartily to be congratulated on his recent victory in the Grand Military Gold Cup. It is something of an achievement to carry off that trophy at the first time of asking. For Major "Dick" McCreery, who rode Mr. Akroyd's horse with fine judgment, the result was specially delightful.

Horses and Tanks

MOST of us are wondering what is going to become of the polo club of Major McCreery's regiment, the 12th Lancers, and also that of the 11th Hussars, now that those regiments are about to become armoured car units. You cannot play polo from tanks, even of the whippet variety, though I recollect that Sir George Hastings gave us a show at Ranelagh years ago in which "motor polo" was played. And a mighty noisy, uninteresting sort of "game" it was, too. It would be a thousand pities if the sporting character of the famous regiments in question were to be affected now that they are to be mechanised. The Secretary of War has told us that they are to retain their association with the Cavalry of the line, though one can foresee difficulties in the attempt to combine horses with tanks. The 11th and the 12th both have fine polo records.

Getting to Ground

THE Whaddon Chase have concluded an excellent season. A total of 57 foxes killed in as many hunting days is well up to the best records of the pack, but they ran a great many more foxes to ground than they did in the preceding season. This seems to suggest that there is something amiss with earth-stopping arrangements. As usual, these hounds accounted for a number of badgers during the season. Reports speak most favourably of the young hounds that are coming in. The pack will have a new first whipper-in next season, Lord Dalmeny having engaged Ben Wilkinson, from the Zetland. He takes the place of Charles Thatcher, who has been appointed by the Masters of the Croome to be first whipper-in and kennel huntsman.

Sport and General.

UP AND OVER

A photograph taken during the running of the race for the Life Guards' Challenge Cups at the Household Brigade Steeplechase Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. The field is seen taking the first jump

Alfieri

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British Films.

LADY DASHWOOD, MRS. HULBERT LODER, AND CAPT. NIXON

The recent meeting of the Household Cavalry Brigade, at Hawthorn Hill, attracted a very large number of spectators, who made the most of the sunshine which was conspicuous on the first of the two days. Capt. E. J. L. Speed won the 1st and 2nd Life Guards' Regimental Challenge Cups on Blank Cartridge, which started favourite, as did the winner of the Coldstream Plate, Mr. A. F. Sinclair's Horse Marine

BYSTANDER BRIDGE: Duplicate Auction

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

DUPLICATE AUCTION as played in America is a rather complicated affair involving the use of boards and a good deal of trouble and explanation.

But there is a simple form of duplicate which can be arranged for bridge parties which is not only interesting and amusing but a good test of skill. Suppose you have four tables—sixteen players. You divide them up into teams. You then deal a pack in the ordinary way and duplicate the deal with three more packs and distribute the packs at the tables, giving Z at each table the dealer's pack.

A prize is awarded to the players at the table which makes the highest score from the particular deal or deals because, of course, you can repeat the process as often as you like. The point is all four tables are playing the same hands. It is an easy form of entertainment and it is surprising to see how amazingly diverse will be the bidding and the play at the four tables.

. . . . . .

Here is an example from Brisbane, Australia:—

	Y: S.—Q, 10, 8, 7, 3. H.—8, 6, 5, 4. D.—7, 6. C.—J, 2.	
S.—A, K. H.—K, Q, J, 9, 7. D.—10, 5, 4. C.—A, 5, 3.	A / B	S.—6, 4, 2. H.—10, 3, 2. D.—8, 2. C.—10, 9, 8, 7, 4.
	Z: S.—J, 9, 5. H.—A. D.—A, K, Q, J, 9, 3. C.—K, Q, 6.	

At one table Z opened the bidding with "Three Diamonds" because of his honours score. A bid "Three Hearts"; Y and B said "No Bid," and Z bid "Four Diamonds." He was left in and made his contract, but he missed game, losing two Spades and one Club.

This is one of the many examples of the ineffectiveness of a pre-emptive bid of three in a minor suit. It did not shut out the bidding nor result in game.

. . . . . .

At a second table Z opened with "One Diamond"; A "One Heart"; Y "One Spade"; Z then supported his partner, who finally secured the declaration at three Spades and made game, losing two Spades and one Club.

At the other two tables Z made an initial bid of "One No Trump." At one table he was left with it. A, having the lead, rightly considered silence the best policy, opened his King of Hearts, and Z made only one No Trump, *viz.*, Ace of Hearts and six tricks in Diamonds. At the fourth table, A bid "Two Hearts" over the "One No Trump," and Y "Two Spades"; B and Z "No bid"; A "Three Hearts"; Y and B "No bid"; and Z "Three Spades"; and Y won the game in Spades.

The variety of bidding and result raises three interesting questions:—(1) What is Z's best initial bid? (2) If he bids "One No Trump," should A over-call? (2) If he bids "One No Trump" and A passes, should Y take out into "Two Spades"?

My own views are that Z should bid "One No Trump" on the hand, and not Diamonds. In this case A should pass. He might double informatorily, but with the certainty of saving the game a pass is his best course. Y, with a hopeless hand for a No Trumper, should take out with "Two Spades."

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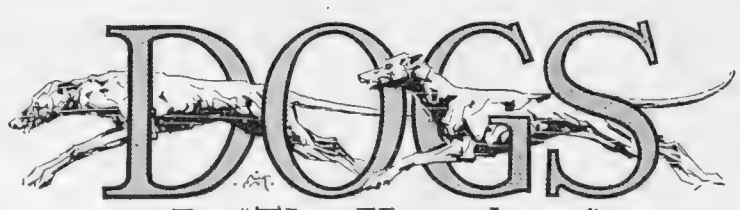

By "The Kennelman"

KENSINGTON'S annual Dog Show at the Crystal Palace to-morrow (Thursday) will be the biggest thing of the kind since Cruft's, and, albeit so big, in the matter of entries and attendance, will have a pleasing quality of intimacy for very many doggy Londoners. On Thursday of next week admirers of that invincible sportsman, the Bull Terrier, will be given the opportunity of visiting what is said to be "the most important Bull-Terrier Show in the world" at the Handel Street Hall, Bloomsbury.

Sussex as a whole is a famous doggy county, and West Sussex has bred a surprising number of champions during the past few years. East Sussex—the littoral is a Paradise for Dogs, with its noble Downs and unending miles of sea-sweetened flats, for coursing and the like—has forged ahead greatly of late, thanks in part to the efforts of the Hastings, St. Leonards and East Sussex Canine Society, which is staging at Bexhill to-day (Wednesday) a show that promises extremely well. The district is fortunate, too, in that the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals of the Poor) is opening one of its fine establishments in Hastings this month, and will shortly open another in Brighton. This means the provision of skilled veterinary treatment, free of all cost, for animal owners who are not in a position to pay for it. That is no small boon, affecting as it does thousands of horses, ponies, donkeys, cats, birds, etc., as well as Dogs; but it by no means covers the whole real usefulness of the work now being carried on by the P.D.S.A. in scores of crowded centres all up and down the country. Every one of their admirably appointed dispensaries is a centre of light from which radiates the best sort of broadcasting: the spread of practical understanding of animals, as pals and companions and co-workers; their proper care in health and sickness. From them thousands of youngsters acquire one, at least, of the important bases of good citizenship; for, mind you, the boy or girl who has once absorbed affectionate understanding of animals is a good neighbour, and a stickler for decency in human relationships also. Dog-owners should help the P.D.S.A. (14, Clifford Street, W.1) all they can; it's worth it.

Gunners should note that the Kennel Club's Seventeenth Field Trials for Retrievers will be held on and from October 23, at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, by permission of the Countess Howe, the judges being Major M. Portal, Mr. R. G. Heaton, and one other. The Ninth Championship Meeting for Spaniels has been fixed for January 14 next; judges, Messrs. C. A. Phillips and E. E. Turner.

There are a few horrid anachronisms which survive from an age less humane than ours that Dog lovers, in particular, should try to wash out. One is the practice, still all too common, of housing Dogs in leaky old boxes or barrels and—even worse—chaining them thereto. Blessed is the informer against obstinate perpetrators of this crime; twice blessed he who teaches and persuades them out of such dirty ways. Another is the use of the steel-toothed trap—a senselessly cruel business, since nets and ferrets and Dogs are vastly more effective.

The steel trap means prolonged torture—try it ever so carefully even for a few minutes with one finger—and the victim is sometimes a Dog. In this matter the National Canine Defence League (Victoria Station House, S.W.1) has prepared petition forms for signature.

Inquirers about otter-hunting are notified that it is at its best when there is no other hunting: that is, from May to September; and that otters may nearly always be found where there are salmon and trout.

A WORD TO DOG LOVERS

THERE'S a right and a wrong way of feeding a dog. The friend of man is very long-suffering and patient, and though as a mild protest against the unsuitable odds and ends given to him he may sometimes leave his food, generally there is no complaint.

Yet it is every dog's birthright to be given a food that he will relish and that will give him the extra vitality and vim that makes his doggy life really happy.

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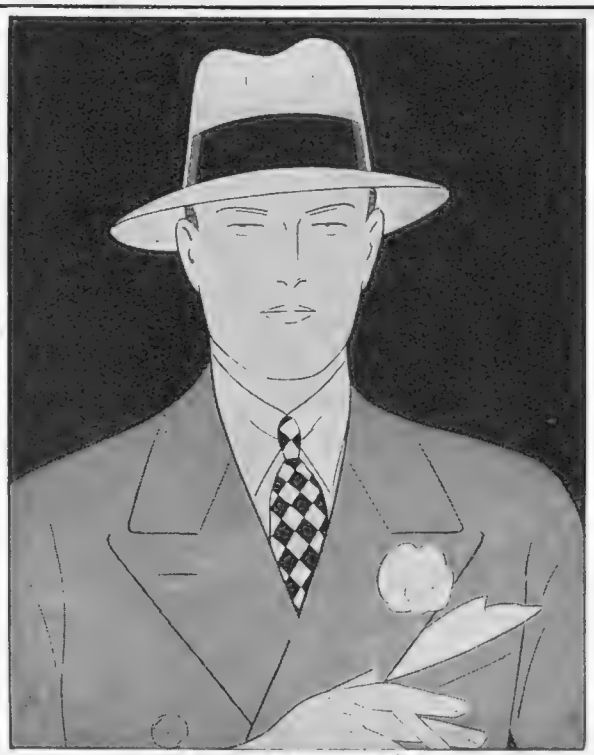

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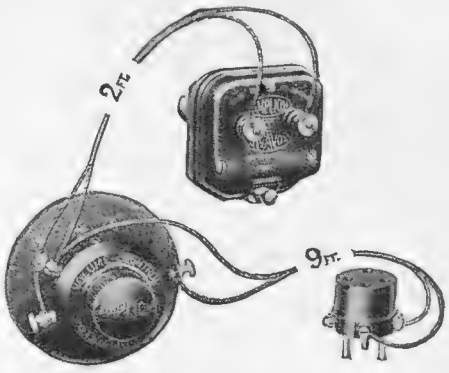
RADIO NOTES

THE inauguration of broadcasting provided an opportunity for gloomy prophecies regarding the gramophone. We were told that radio would completely oust the gramophone in the popular taste, and that the industry would consequently die a more or less natural death. The answer to this was quickly forthcoming from the owners of good gramophone equipment, who pointed out the vast difference between the quality of reproduction obtained from such an instrument and the curious collection of noises which emanated from the average loud-speaker of that day, and there the position remained for some time.

Meanwhile, the gramophone companies quietly employed highly trained electrical engineers to investigate how the various facts brought to light by radio developments could be applied to the improvement of gramophone technique. The quality of reproduction in radio receivers made steady and rapid increase, and to-day it is possible to receive programmes almost indistinguishable, even by an expert, from the original.

When the art of amplifier design had advanced to this pitch it became better than the methods previously in use by the gramophone companies for recording. They therefore changed their system, and picked up the music with a microphone, amplifying it electrically to operate the recording mechanism. This resulted in a greater wealth of detail than had hitherto been possible, and it is noticeable that the modern electrically recorded records are more lively and sparkling than the older types. Thus the development in the radio world has been of material assistance to the gramophone trade in this respect.



THE AMPLION VIVAVOX ELECTRICAL PICK-UP

More recently a still greater connection between the two has arisen from the introduction of the electrical pick-up. This is a small electrical device which is fitted to an existing gramophone in place of the standard sound box. The vibrations of the needle as it traverses the record then produce electrical currents which are taken by a flexible lead to the radio receiver. The amplifier normally used to supply the broadcast programmes to the loud-speaker is thus utilised to amplify the currents picked up from the gramophone, so that we can play the record electrically and obtain full advantage from the electrical process.

Particularly where a very good amplifier is in use the quality of reproduction obtainable from gramophone records is striking. There are numerous forms of electrical pick-up on the market. One very good make, which is also one of the lightest, is the Igranic Phonovox, while a more recent comer is the Amplion Vivavox (illustrated herewith). Both of these are supplied as a complete outfit ready for attaching to the set. There is an electrical pick-up connected by a long length of flexible wire to an adaptor which plugs into the detector socket of the radio receiver, and there is finally a small volume control which is connected to the pick-up by another length of flex. This is an important accessory, for it enables the volume of sound to be graded at will, and in this respect the reproduction is somewhat more flexible than the more usual methods.

Those who have both a radio receiver and a gramophone will certainly derive considerable enjoyment from playing their records electrically. The change-over from one to the other is easily effected, and no mechanical alterations whatever have to be made.

J. H. R.

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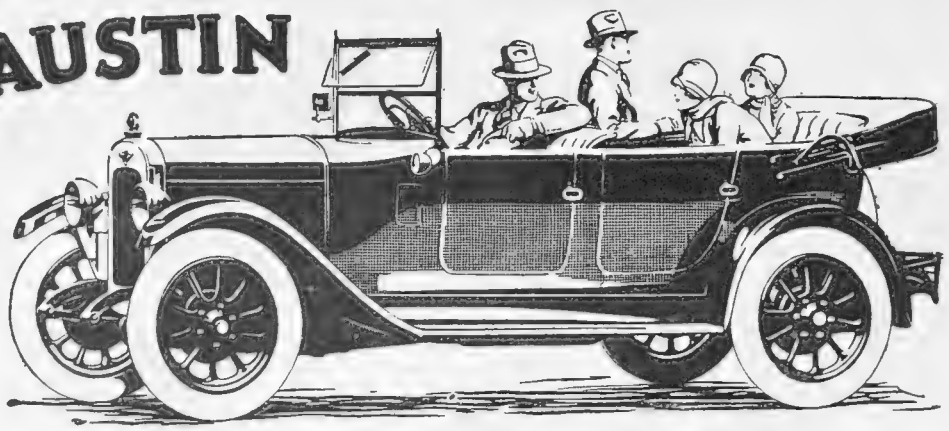

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A.J.W.

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

Sport and General

ON THE COURTS

Lord and Lady Cholmondeley photographed on the courts at Cannes. They were competing in the recent International Lawn Tennis Tournament

ROYAL visitors are still plentiful on the Riviera this Spring. The King of Sweden, who was naturally every disappointed at not being able to compete in the tournament at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club, which was curtailed on account of several rainy days, is leaving for Stockholm. Ex-King Manoel of Portugal and Queen Augusta Victoria will be here in the near future, and have already reserved their favourite suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel at Cannes, where they have been regular visitors for many years and feel quite at home. The Maharajah of Mysore is at the Negresco at Nice, with the usual numerous suite which seems inevitable when an Eastern potentate travels abroad, and the Crown Prince of Kapurthala is also there, while many other members of noted royal or semi-royal families are now holiday-making along the coast.

EVERYONE is delighted to see H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught about again after his recent indisposition, which fortunately was not at all serious, but happened to arrive during a spell of inclement weather. With the welcome return of fine sunny days he is out walking practically every day, either in the charming garden at Les Bruyères, which is one of his chief hobbies, or on the peaceful roads on Cap Ferrat.

Francis C. Fuerst

AT THE "BATTLE"

A group of spectators watching the third "Bataille de Fleurs" at Nice. The photograph includes Colonel Moore, Lord Jellicoe, and Mr. Eustace Burrow

ACCOMMODATION on the Blue Trains running southward is still as difficult as ever to secure at short notice. Some people manage to avoid this problem by travelling as far as Marseilles or Toulon on one of the Eastward-bound liners. That cheery veteran of the seas, Sir Walter Runciman, came by steamer as far as Gibraltar, where his famous old yacht, the *Sunbeam*, was awaiting him, and he is sailing her round to Cannes, as he did a year ago.

IT is good to be able to report that the movement for the revival and preservation of the quaint and delightful old country costumes of Provence, the folk-songs, the dances and the peasant games is making good progress this season, for several excellent Provençal festivals are being held around Easter. The one at Le Cannet, a small village which may now be considered as a suburb of Cannes, is on an elaborate scale, and will last four days, with a Pegoulade, or traditional procession in costume through the narrow streets of the old village, considerably enlivened by the firing of deadly looking old muzzle-loaders at frequent intervals and by the music of the ancient tambourinaires, who play a kind of fife with one hand and keep up a steady throbbing on a long cylindrical drum with the other. There will also be torch-light processions, a Provençal Mass at the mediæval church, the blessing of the fruits and flowers of the region, a fair at which local products exclusively will be sold, and several open air concerts and exhibitions of dancing and singing. As many of the natives have preserved the old costumes of their ancestors, the scene, judging by the great success of the one last year, will be most novel and enjoyable. Festivals on somewhat similar lines are taking place at Cagnes-sur-Mer, Vence and other places, and the interest shown by the visitors indicates that they are far more attractive to them than is the average Battle of Flowers.

Sport and General

BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES

Mrs. Maud Corthy resting after a strenuous set-to with the beneficial medicine ball. The photograph was taken on the beach at Cannes

ST. RAPHAEL, with its golfing neighbour, Valescure, beautifully situated among the forests of umbrella pines, is enjoying a very pleasant Spring season, and the links are still thronged daily, while the tennis courts are even more popular than ever. The smaller but not less popular resorts which lie around the Gulf of Saint Tropez are now coming into their own, for this is the best time of the year to appreciate to the full their quiet charms, which do not rely on the hectic atmosphere of a casino or a glittering and palatial hotel to draw the crowd. There is, of course, ample hotel accommodation of a first class order to be found in such places as Beauvallon, Saint-Maxim, and the other villages in what is sometimes called the New Riviera, and many well-known English families now have their own homes on this part of the Mediterranean coast. The sea-bathing is excellent on a series of fine sandy beaches unexcelled almost anywhere.

LET us consider hats in general.

There are hats that are talked about, hats that are talked through—thrown in the air, sworn by.

The hat, which is for one man the symbol of his sovereignty, is for another merely an article of diet, the indigestible penalty of a rash wager.

And let us consider *this* hat. Johnnie Walker's. The hat to which all the aforementioned are raised in token of a respect not unmingled with affection.

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WITH A DIFFERENCE

By "CANDIDA"

It was at Easter, I believe, that our heroic grandmothers gave up their fur "tippets," or whatever they called them, and took to sprigged and spotted muslins. That they survived is only another proof of the superiority of mind (plus custom) over matter. It doesn't mean that they must have kept another brand of Easters, but that they shivered uncomplainingly according to the "genteel" fashion of the day. Modern heroism prefers to reason on scientific lines, which are no consolation to me. "The less you wear," it tells us, "the less you need to wear," and proves it triumphantly with a gossamery *crepella* or *ondamoussa* suit on top and next to nothing at all underneath. You'll meet dozens of those suits on any chilly April morning when the blue sky is piled high with fantastic clouds that will mean business later on. You'll meet thousands of them now that Easter has come and gone with its ancient superstition that it's lucky to wear something new.

I don't know about the superstition part, nor about the luck, but one must begin some time to send that comfortable fur cape to the cold storage place, where it properly belongs now that the daffodils are out, and there's a green shimmer on the trees. For weeks we've been shivering on the brink of important innovations. For weeks the dress shows have had their best foot (and frocks) forward, advising this, suggesting that. For weeks I've been trying to make up my mind what advice it would be best to take, and what suggestions were better left alone. How decide when all the new clothes are so charming? As you and I are quite aware, they always are—they always were.

The world which knows what it likes—at least it says so—doesn't know why it likes what it likes. So it keeps its critics, a few superior people, to do its thinking and give intelligent reasons. It's the duty of every critic to be strictly honest, to be clear-sighted, impersonal, gifted with vision, judgment, and Lord knows what else. We aren't all born that way, and by the time I've grappled with that bunch of impressive virtues I've no energy left to be superior with. It all boils down to the fact that even a critic likes what he likes, and that to find out why he likes it he may have to invent reason and cook arguments. Which is as near to critical honesty as we ever get.

There's another difficulty in the way of undiluted honesty. One has one's style to consider, and how can one get up feeling any conviction without an overdose of adjectives so fatal to it? How make bricks without straw? How describe all these enchantments without losing one's grip and one's grammar? How prevent oneself from thinking in superlatives? Last year it was easy. I could be honest (or as nearly honest as possible) without purple patches. There wasn't so much stuff about.

Yevonde

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL

Photographed in a charming study with her little daughter Nefertari. She has recently opened a hairdressing and beauty culture establishment at Sunningdale

We weren't so wedded to frills and delightful nonsense. We hadn't rediscovered Eve. But to-day boyish simplicity is as dead as the dodo. We're to be fluffy, frilly, flapperish. All the frocks are made to be danced in; all their fluttering odds and ends are meant to be young in. One couldn't imagine anyone old inside them, and no one is old in consequence, for the beloved of the gods are always young, even at fifty. Anyway, they've got to look it, or . . . Never was the *dernier cri* more hard on people whose proportions are what the shops call "outsize." As usual, they're made to feel that they've really no business to exist.

Quick Pictures

A ROWING MAN'S ENGAGEMENT

Mr. A F. Long, a member of the Leander Rowing Club, and his fiancée, Miss Marjorie Goddard, daughter of Mr. Egbert Goddard, of Putney Heath, who are to be married shortly. Miss Goddard is a sister of Mr. G. E. G. Goddard, the Cambridge Rowing Blue

Uniformity is the great game this season. Everybody wears the same frocks with a difference—the designer people supplying the frocks, and you the difference. But I don't know that it's any easier to shine than it was in the days when the best people always wore, out of excess of chic, or sheer cussedness, or for goodness knows what reason, the sort of thing that no one else would dream of wearing. "Personality," one called it, but it all boiled down to ideas invented exclusively for oneself by some poor artist or other who was under promise never, never to let other people have them. A selfish game, and, anyway, the important personality part belonged, not to oneself, but to the artist.

To-day the difference is supplied by oneself, by one's style, one's gifts, one's mind, one's soul, by anything one likes, so long as it gets there. When it doesn't people fall back on aids, on paints and powders and things. Of course, really nice people don't cover up Nature. They help along the lines she indicates. When one hasn't a type one takes a hint from the sort of colouring and features one was born with and creates a work of art of one's own and lives up to it. It's the living up to it, by the way, that's the difficulty.

MOTOR NOTES

THE *Blanktown Mercury* reproduced a photograph of some local sportsmen at the races. Mr. A was shown in his new car, but was annoyed to find that the caption contained no mention of the fact, though there was a reference to "Mr. B and party." Now A was strongly of opinion that he was a more important person than B—in fact, he thought himself almost a personage. So he wrote a sharp letter to the *Mercury* calling attention to the omission, and requesting that next time he was portrayed in their columns his presence in the picture should be clearly indicated. In reply to this letter he received a most courteous note of regret, coupled with an assurance that his wishes would be, as soon as possible, complied with. A few days later there appeared a snap of A driving his car past a very dilapidated Ford of pre-war vintage, with a very seedy and somewhat dissipated-looking individual at the wheel. The caption read: "A well-known local sportsman: Mr. A. (marked X)."

ON THE BORDER

One of the new six-cylinder Morris cars photographed on the border. This photograph was taken at Marshall Meadows, near Berwick

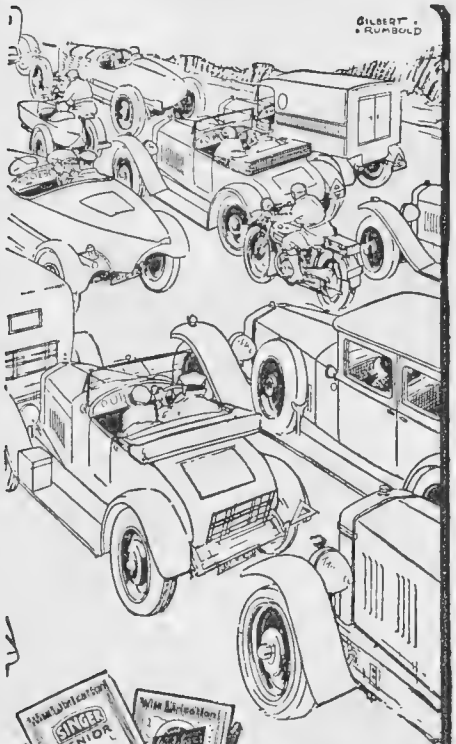
THE second edition of "On the Road" series of Dunlop pictorial road plans has been published by Messrs. Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., London. There are seven volumes in the series, and all of them are now bound in cloth instead of paper. These books provide strip pictorial maps of every main road, together with informative but brief descriptions of famous landmarks or towns. Accurate and recognisable drawings of road junctions and cross-roads are given, and the motorist's route is marked with a little red arrow on the picture.

***

AT the monthly Executive Committee of the Automobile Association for March 3,699 new members were elected, all of whom had applied for membership during the preceding four weeks. The number of new members elected for the corresponding period last year was 2,850. This increase, so early in the year, indicates the continued popularity of the A.A., which now has a total individual membership of over 355,000; also that the ranks of British motorists will be considerably reinforced during the coming season.

***

SIR WILLIAM HOY, ex-General Manager of the South African Railways, who was recently presented by the railway employees, on his retirement, with a motor car, selected a 20.9 h.p. six-cylinder Crossley "Canberra" enclosed limousine, finished in maroon, and upholstered in maroon leather. Sir William will be remembered as the one-time General Manager



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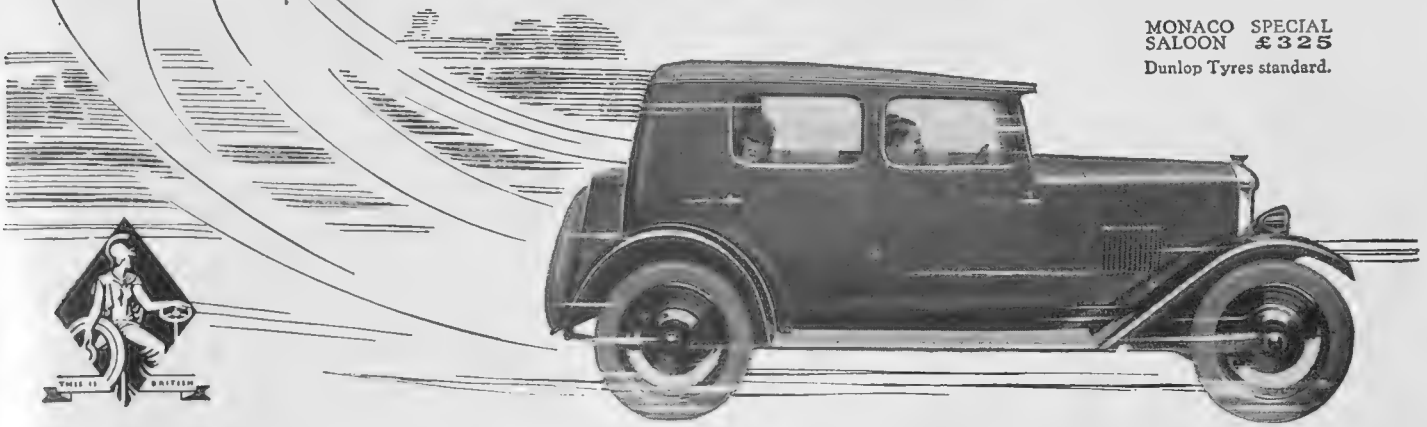

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If you have not tried the 20·9 h.p. Crossley Six you have an exhilarating experience awaiting you. So far as value is concerned, there is no better investment before the public. British! Proved beyond any doubt as the Ideal British Six.

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of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. British motorists will be pleased that he selected a British motor car, particularly as he had an open choice of a very wide number of cars.

***

SINCE I wrote on the Renault Monasix prices of this economical 12 h.p. car have been very considerably reduced all round: the saloon, supplied in either Weymann or metal panelled, from £299 to £269; the open touring car, from £279 to £259; and the coupé from £324 to £284. This new low price level makes the Renault Monasix the cheapest European four-door six-cylinder saloon and, with one exception, the lowest priced four-door six-cylinder saloon on the British market. A feature of this car, as of other Renault Monasix models, is the very complete equipment, even to stop and direction indicator, blinds to rear doors, as well as rear light and bumpers front and back. Prices of all other Renault models remain unchanged.

***

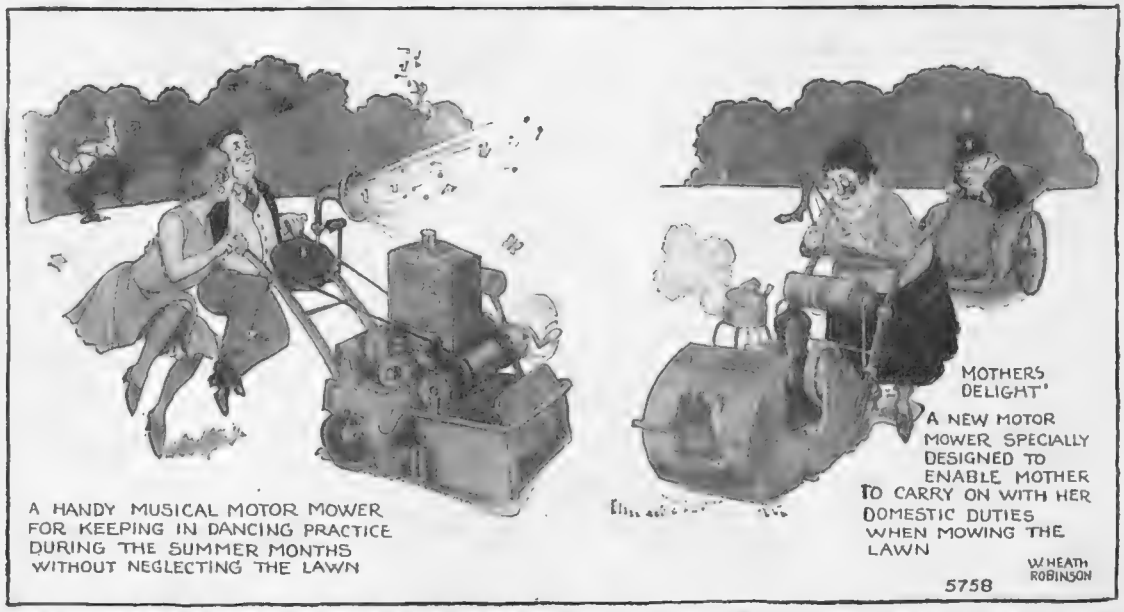
ESSENTIALLY the saloon is a winter car, whilst the open tourer is more pleasant in summer. But while our summer is longer than pessimists would have us believe, there is no disputing the fact that there are usually eight or nine months of the year when a saloon is preferable; hence the present saloon vogue, and the waning popularity of the tourer. At the same time several manufacturers, being optimists by nature, have produced saloons with opening heads, so that should the sun peep out from behind his barrage of clouds, we can lift back the "lid" and enjoy brief spells of sunshine. These folding heads were first seen by the public at last year's Motor Show, and undoubtedly they "took on"; but they have certain disadvantages, and already they are challenged by another type of opening roof, viz., the *sliding* head. This is one of the latest innovations on Standard saloons, for instance, the 9 h.p. Standard at £215, this being, in fact, the only light car on the market on which a sliding head is available without extra charge. On the 14-28 h.p. and six-cylinder saloons it costs £15 extra, but this is still the lowest price at which a sliding roof can be obtained on any large or medium sized car. The sliding top has several advantages over the folding type, chief amongst which are the ease of operation, adjustability, neatness of appearance, and silence in any position. There is no need to have to break one's run and thus delay one's journey by having to stop the car to push back a sliding head—at any rate, a sliding head such as is fitted to the Standard—nor need the head be either fully open or closed; it can be fixed in any desired position without the driver having to reduce speed. The value of this need hardly be emphasised, so obvious is it to all who have experienced the troubles which this eliminates.

E. M. WRIGHT.

IN KENT

Few new cars have aroused so much interest as the Standard Nine, which is now being delivered in increasing quantities. The photograph shows the four-seater Tourer on a Kentish by-road

W. HEATH ROBINSON'S IMPRESSIONS OF RANSOMES' MOTOR MOWERS.



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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

The Ermeto watch, ideal for the pocket or handbag, shown in enamel, shagreen, lizard-skin, and silver. Note the loop and chain for purposes of security, that render it such a delightful possession for the sportswoman

Enter the Sun

Now that the sun has actually shone wholeheartedly on this capital of ours, the new Spring fashions are no longer things to read of or discuss in dressmakers' salons, but are to be visualised in restaurants, etc., even, indeed, in the streets. The new jumper suits, for instance, that the smart world swears by for all informal occasions; what attractive affairs they are, carried out in lightweight woollen material, with gold or silver thread woven into the fabric, or with geometrical designs in the form of triangles, squares, lozenges, and circles, set off with lines, used as insertions on the material. Some of the jumpers on the latest models display a tendency to elongate into tunics, in which case they are girdled at the hips with something very attractive in belts, in which serpent effects play no small part.

The Vogue for Lace

For the so-called dressy toilettes destined for afternoon wear, lace, especially in conjunction with georgette, etc., is in high favour. One sees it employed for tunics, for panels, for wing draperies, and for the long, graceful coats that cover toilettes of the Ascot variety. On simple summer frocks carried out in figured voile, etc., fine lace is used for fichus of the old-fashioned type, also for gauntlet cuffs; and an amusing point about the latter is that sometimes they are seen when sleeves are *non est!* Gold and silver lace express many of the loveliest of the new evening models, and lace coatees, dyed to tone with gowns, complete many effective evening *ensembles*.

The Two-piece in a New Aspect

And, talking of lace, it is this fabric, string coloured, of the new honeycomb variety, that carries out a very new arrival from Paris, sketched on the right, for which The Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W., are responsible; the long, graceful coat has a scarf collar, and the cuffs are bordered with beaver. Its next-door neighbour, Chartreuse green in colour, has a jumper of fine wool, woven with tinsel thread, trimmed with deep brown narrow silk braid, and for the skirt finely pleated *crêpe de Chine* is used.

Watchcraft Up to Date

With the advent of de Trevars watches, modern woman need no longer choose between going "timeless" or carrying her watch on her wrist, where, besides being liable to breakage, it is often, especially in the evening, not *en suite* with the rest of her jewellery scheme. For the Ermeto, priced from 8½ guineas, and obtainable from Messrs. Asprey, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, Messrs. Ogden, or, indeed, from the majority of high-class jewellers, is entirely suitable for the handbag, the case, as shown in the sketches above on this page.

Just arrived from Paris! A two-piece, carried out in string-coloured honeycomb lace and georgette, and a jumper suit of fine tinsel wool and crêpe de Chine. (Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W.)

Sketches by Beta

Becoming—and smart! A Raymonde hat in red Bakou straw, trimmed with scarlet velvet geraniums

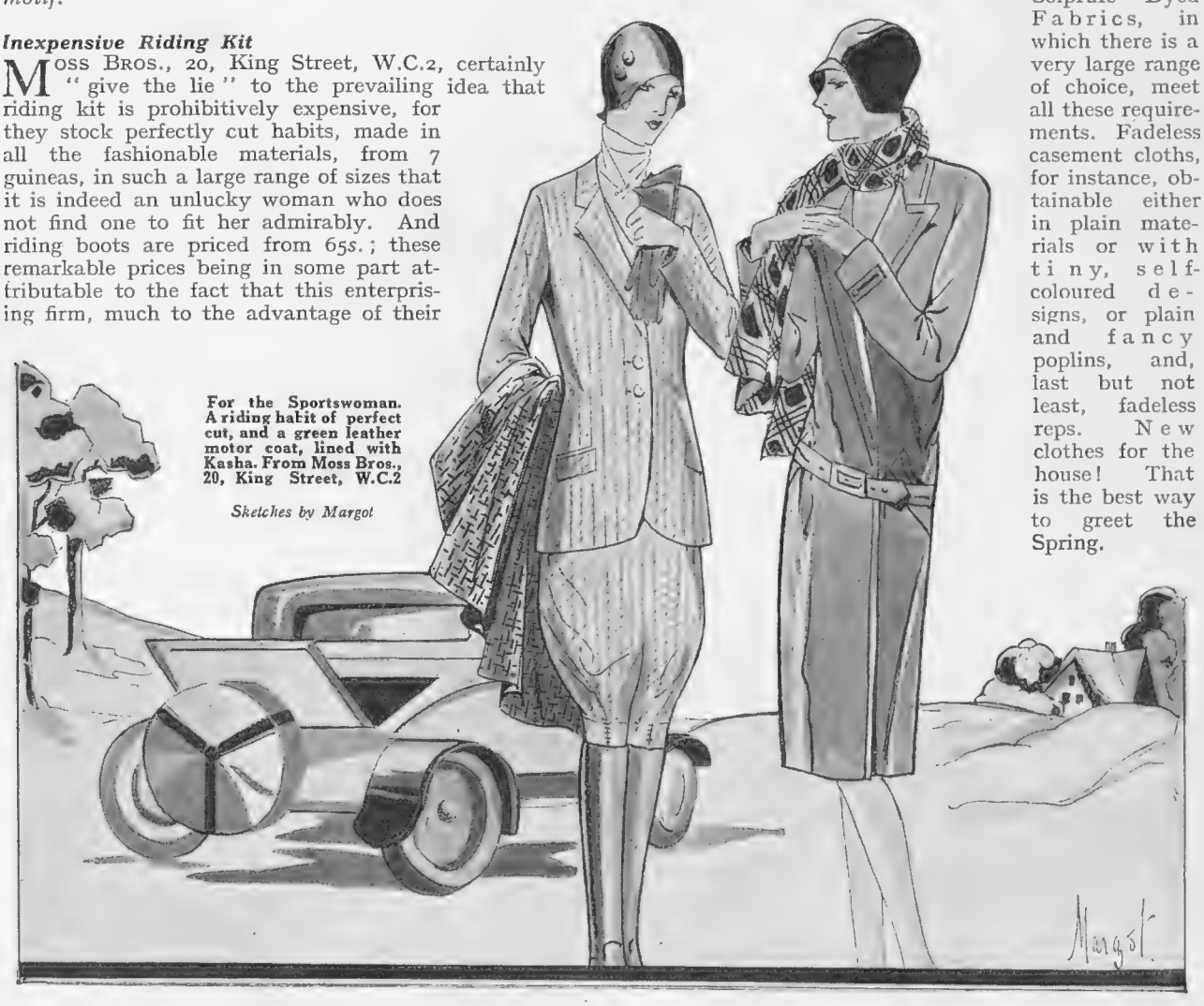
Paribuntal straw, soft and flexible, is used for another Raymonde model in conjunction with ciré ribbon

Becoming Millinery

WHILST it is proverbially easy for girls in their teens to find hats that suit them, it is not always such "plain sailing" for those who are more mature. That is why the older woman who wishes to be in the forefront of fashion and has at the same time a keen sense of what is becoming, asks her milliner to let her make a choice from Raymonde hats, which are specially designed with a view to her needs. Two of their season's new models are shown at the top of the page. Chinese hemp or Bakou straw in a soft shade of red carries out the left-hand one (note that the bow is in straw), and velvet geraniums, deep scarlet in colour, trim the crown. For the model on the right, obtainable in various colours, paribuntal straw is used, combined with *ciré* ribbon and completed with a *diamanté motif*.

Inexpensive Riding Kit

MOSS BROS., 20, King Street, W.C.2, certainly "give the lie" to the prevailing idea that riding kit is prohibitively expensive, for they stock perfectly cut habits, made in all the fashionable materials, from 7 guineas, in such a large range of sizes that it is indeed an unlucky woman who does not find one to fit her admirably. And riding boots are priced from 65*s.*; these remarkable prices being in some part attributable to the fact that this enterprising firm, much to the advantage of their numerous customers, take over a large quantity of misfits from well-known West End bootmakers, etc. And yet another price surprise takes the form of a green leather motor coat, kasha lined, at 8 guineas. See it sketched with riding habit.



For the Sportswoman. A riding habit of perfect cut, and a green leather motor coat, lined with Kasha. From Moss Bros., 20, King Street, W.C.2

Sketches by Margot

School Outfits

EXCELLENT workmanship and design, high-class materials, moderate prices—these are the qualities associated with the name of Peter Robinson, Ltd., Regent Street and Oxford Street, specialists in school outfits and on the clothing lists of over two hundred schools. So, with the summer term in view, it is good news for parents that fully illustrated and comprehensive Spring catalogues of the Boys', Girls', and Children's Outfitting Departments are now ready and will be sent on application.

In the Spring

UNLESS furnishing fabrics are chosen that, as well as being artistic in colouring and design, can be relied upon to wash and are also "fast to light," the result is apt to be more than a little disheartening. Luckily, Solprufe Dyed Fabrics, in which there is a very large range of choice, meet all these requirements. Fadeless casement cloths, for instance, obtainable either in plain materials or with tiny, self-coloured designs, or plain and fancy poplins, and, last but not least, fadeless reps. New clothes for the house! That is the best way to greet the Spring.

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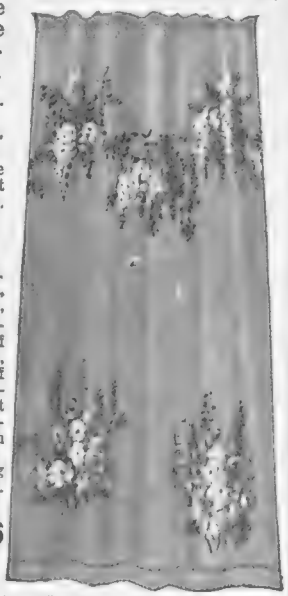

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Maison Georges

Now that the Spring fashions are, so to speak, a *fait accompli*, it is quite obvious that the feminine note will be struck throughout the coming season, with which coiffure fashions must fall into line if an attractive ensemble is to be achieved. Needless to say, all that's new in hairdressing styles is to be found at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and one of their latest head-dresses is shown here—expressive, with its soft, fluffy, becoming effect, of La Mode's new decrees, and, of course, entirely natural in appearance. The curls at the nape of the neck should be particularly noted, for this form of postiche (which can be purchased separately) is invaluable when the hair is growing. The Maison Georges specialise, too, in all types of chignons for evening wear, which many smart women, following the example of Paris, are adopting, especially with the fashionable picture frock, whilst permanent waving and hair colouring under the auspices of this house never fail to give perfect satisfaction to those members of the feminine contingent who are able to appreciate to the full perfect artistry in matters of the coiffure.

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A Hard Court Tournament

The second open hard court tournament of the Melbury Lawn Tennis Club will be held on the fifteen hard courts of the club at Melbury Road, Kensington, on April 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21. A prospectus and entry form will be supplied on application to the Tournament Honorary Secretary. Silver challenge cups are offered for the men's singles and the ladies' singles. The club grounds will be open to visitors during the tournament at a charge of 2s. 6d. from Monday to Thursday, and 5s. for Friday and Saturday.

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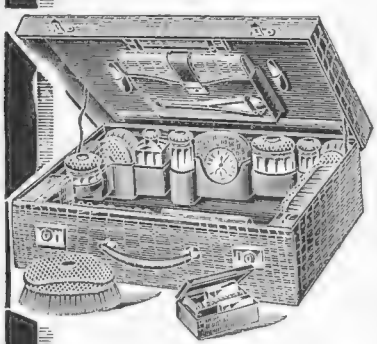

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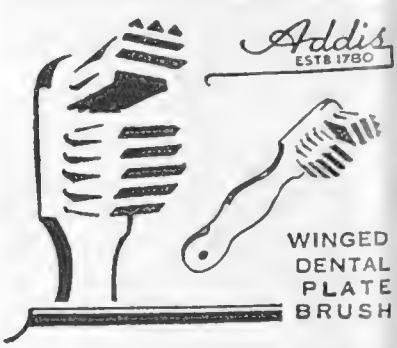

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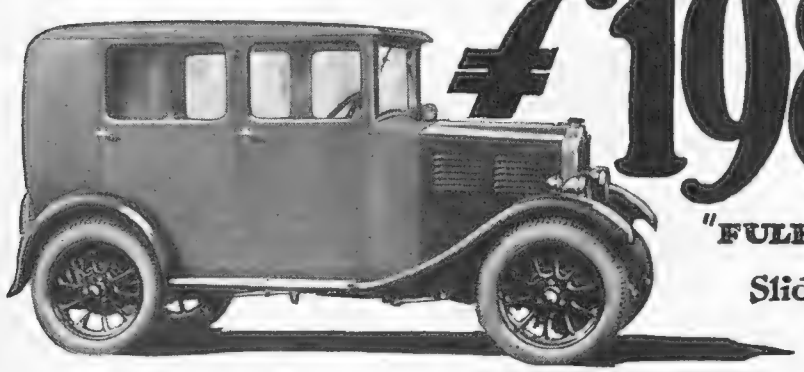

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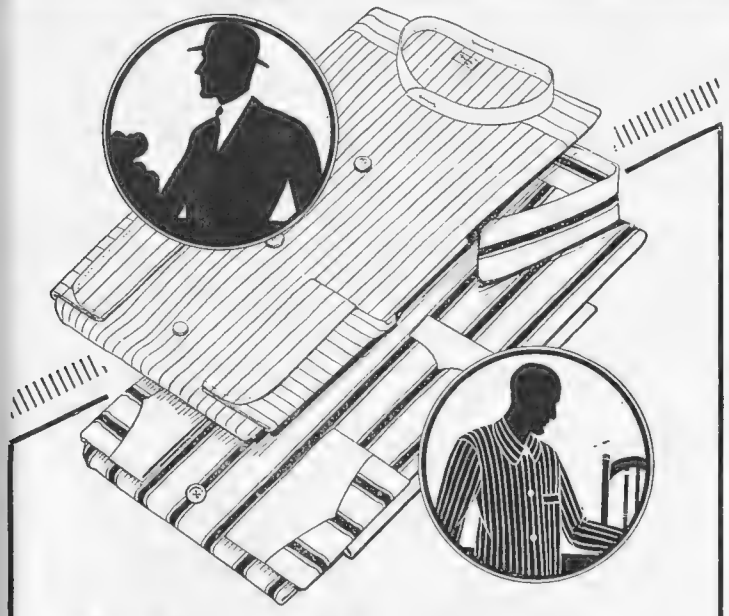

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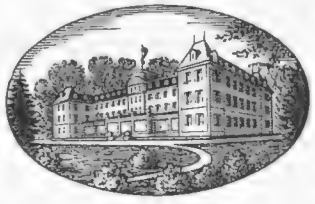
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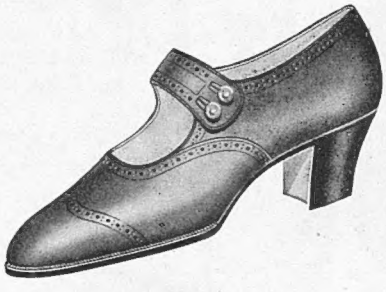

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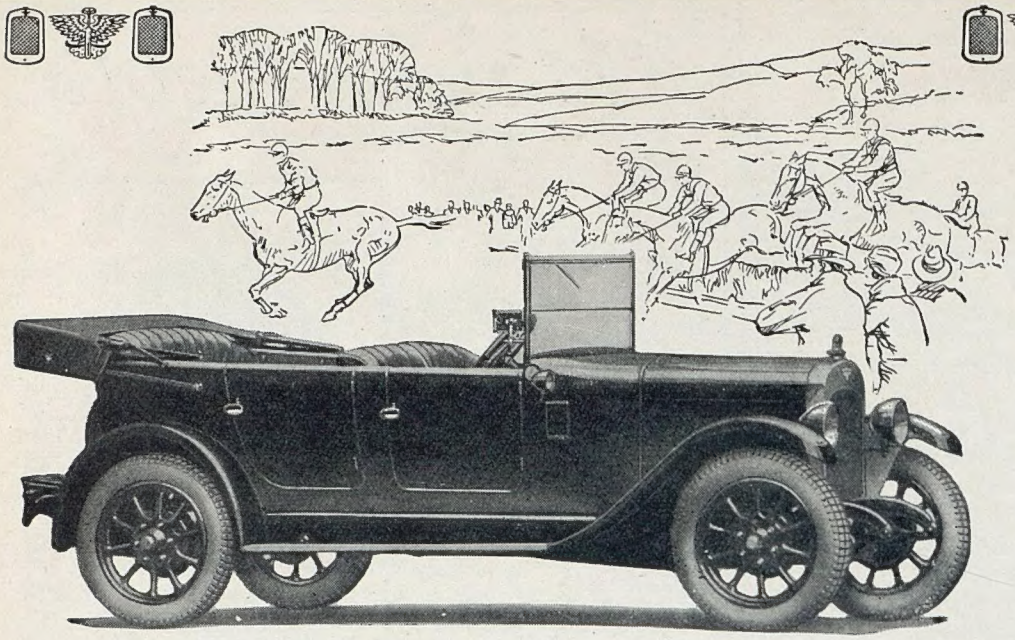

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